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WITH PRESENTATION SUPPLEMENT: } SIXPENCE.
SPECIAL WAR-MAP IN COLOURS

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SKRYDLOFF'S PURSUER: REAR-ADMIRAL KAMIMURA, THE WATCHER OF VLADIVOSTOK.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK.

Rear-Admiral Kamimura has been specially detailed to watch the movements of the Vladivostok squadron, but has not, as yet, scored any signal success, for Vice-Admiral Besobrazoff, Admiral Skrydloff's representative at sea, possesses many of the qualities of a naval De Wit.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

The season is over, and the fruits of it (except the strawberries, which were never so fine and plentiful) seem to depress the social philosopher. If he be an authority on diet (and who is not?) he may point out to you that even the strawberries are in a conspiracy to perpetuate the physical ills of a gouty generation. Society has felt the harassing and disruptive influence of party politics to a degree which baffles precedent. In that amusing work, "A Modern Journal," you are told by "Greville Minor" how a young M.P. declared that rather than fight an election on the fiscal issue he would volunteer for service against the Mad Mullah, and keep his seat by his martial prowess in African deserts. The same observer records a strange tale of afternoon teas, where the guests were enlivened by fiscal leaflets, handed round with the sandwiches. I hear that an urgent summons from the party Whip to one Parliamentary defaulter was returned with this endorsement by his sorrowing wife: "Gone away, and left no address. Try Tibet." Statistics for tea were probably more than he could stand. His election agent, I learn, is quite prepared to placard his constituency with the announcement that he has become a Lama, with a steady bias towards British interests, especially the importation into Lassa of the manufactures for which the constituency is justly celebrated.

That our theatrical season is a dismal failure there is abundant witness. Many remedies have been suggested for the depression of the stage; but two commend themselves above the rest by their originality and business-like merit. "Abolish the syndicate!" cries a lady in a monthly periodical. The syndicate, she says, is a hateful combination for making money out of theatres at the expense of art. Parliament, I presume, will now declare syndicates to be criminal. The police will run them in. Stern-faced Judges, delivering sentence, will address them thus: "Prisoners in the dock, each of you might have taken a theatre singly, and produced elevating dramas, none of them warranted to last more than a fortnight; instead of which, you clubbed together to tickle a depraved taste with musical comedies which ran for a year. Away with you to penal servitude for life!" The other great remedy is proposed by Mr. Sydney Grundy. "The most practical and effective means," he writes, "of giving a new impetus to the drama would be for every newspaper and magazine, and club and debating society and after-dinner orator, to refrain from writing and talking about it for a period of at least twelve months." Released from vivisection, from that dreadful critical habit of pulling everything up to see how it is growing, and bullying it for not growing some other way, the drama would soon be a vigorous and prosperous art. At the end of twelve months we should all be let loose again—all the scribblers and the orators—to suck its life-blood; but it would laugh us to scorn. "Joey B. is tough, Sir, and devilish sly," Major Bagstock used to remark. A year without criticism, I gather from Mr. Grundy, would make the British dramatist as robust and artful as the Major.

It is a fruitful idea, for you might apply it to all our institutions. Why not give twelve months' peace to a harassed Ministry? No hostile speeches or leading articles; no narrow shaves in the division lobby; no horrid questions—nothing but diligent application to public business, and a new impetus to the national prosperity for a twelvemonth, and at the end of that time such a collection of Joey B.s on the Treasury Bench that all the pent-up furies might burst on them in vain! It would be a blessed relief for every Government in turn; a close time just when the hunters were making themselves most unpleasant to the quarry. No one-sided arrangement, mind, just to stifle censure; no censure, no praise. All the scribblers would have to shut up shop. I don't know what would become of us; but think of our country's good! Perhaps some benevolent plan would be devised to relieve us from a year's income-tax, and let us have our tobacco for nothing. Contraband tobacco, when seized by the Customs, is either destroyed or distributed in asylums among the criminal lunatics. We might be permitted, we others, to share this privilege.

I was passing the Albert Hall one day last week with an eminent professor of the fine arts, when he glowered at the posters, and said, "There's a sign of the times!" It was a picture of two men of heroic build in the drapery of the wrestler. The Albert Hall, home of music, heavenly maid, was given up to gladiatorial show. Here the Russian muscle overcame the American muscle in a series of graceless hugs. When Orlando wrestles with Charles, the Duke's champion is thrown in a romantic fashion, which makes a corpse of him. The spectacle of brawn clipping brawn, and rolling it harmlessly on the floor, might present technical beauties to the eye of the expert, but would scarcely strike Rosalind as picturesque. And yet there were Rosalinds, I read, at the Albert Hall, who followed the

struggle with intelligent interest, and could tell you when the victor had scored a "half-Nelson." To wrestle triumphantly is not to seize your antagonist and hurl him through the air, but to wipe the floor gently with him. I do not see why music should be excluded from the entertainment, for surely the "half-Nelson" might be softly accompanied on the organ with "Twas in Trafalgar's Bay." But whatever wrestling may lack in the picturesque, it is so humane that it would make an excellent substitute for war. Why not train international champions to roll an enemy firmly but safely in the sawdust?

If you turn to the "Bon Gaultier Ballads," you will find the legend of the great American duel illustrated by a picture, representing the vanquished lying dead with a huge bowie-knife stuck in his side, while the conqueror gazes forlornly into space with only one eye. American duels are not fought like that now; not, at least, in New York. I have been reading how a champion with the promising name of Cadwallader Dade slapped the face of another prominent New Yorker, whereupon seconds were appointed, and a duel with the gloves was fought in a large, airy room, thronged, no doubt, with joyous spectators. The combat was magnificent. Only after twenty rounds was the sponge thrown up for Cadwallader Dade.

We met; we planted blows on blows;
We fought as long as we were able.
My rival had a bottle-nose,
And both my speaking eyes were sable.

Ah! but what progress civilisation has made when you have both your speaking eyes, sable though they be, and have not lost one in the encounter, nor left the other hero with your bowie neatly tucked under his fifth rib! At all events, a bottle-nose does eventually resume its native beauty of tint and contour. Honour to the chivalrous performance of Cadwallader Dade and his foe! Thackeray should have lived to chronicle the scene in a Roundabout Paper, as he did the famous "scrap" between Sayers and Heenan, which he was alleged to have witnessed in the company of "poets, clergymen, men of letters, and members of both Houses of Parliament."

Thackeray was not there; but he relates with manifest relish how he heard a news-boy reading aloud the account of the battle to an orange-girl and a crossing-sweeper. "And—now—Tom—coming up smiling—after his fall—dee—delivered a rattling clinker upon the Benicia Boy's—potato-trap—but was met by a—punisher on the nose." I wonder whether any witness of Cadwallader's glorious defeat has set down the details in this simple strain. The prose of the prize-ring is a dead language now; nobody gets home on his foeman's "potato-trap" or "bread-basket," nor has his "claret tapped" by a "rattling clinker." When I was a small and struggling reader, I had a sporting uncle who took in *Bell's Life*, in which sprightly journal I studied the narratives of Homeric fights with immense appreciation of the style. Even now I prefer it to tales of slaughter from the Far East, and think it would be a fine thing for humanity, and an advance towards the Tolstoy ideal, if the claret tapped in combat made no worse a stain than the smiling Tom's or the heroic Cadwallader's.

A correspondent writes: "The praiseworthy curiosity of our American kinsmen is apt to take the unwary Londoner aback. I was sitting peacefully on a penny chair in the Row the other afternoon, when an American gentleman and his wife sat down close by, and promptly started a conversation. Could I tell them the meaning of the name, Rotten Row? They were from Philadelphia, and the unsavoury adjective grated on their sensibility. Why Rotten? They looked at the rhododendrons, still in bloom, and at the enchanting verdure, which no American eye ever sees at home; and at the remarkable toilettes of the babies who drove serenely by in their perambulators; and at a glossy horse or two curvetting in the Row; and at the family barouches taking the afternoon air. In the name of eternal fitness, why called we the place Rotten? Sir, I was abashed. I tried them with the old suggestion that the Row was originally named *Route du Roi*, which had been corrupted in such unseemly fashion. They rejected this with scorn. Was it likely, they demanded, that a name associated directly with the monarch would be permitted to suffer such ignominy? I stammered that anyhow nobody ever called it Rotten Row; it was always the Row. They thought this weak, and took leave of me as a Britisher who couldn't justify his own institutions.

"Would it not be well, Sir, for the First Commissioner of Works to strew the chairs with dainty leaflets recounting the birth of the Row, and all about its godfathers and godmothers? I must also tell you that my Philadelphians asked me when the young trees on the new boulevard in the Mall were expected to grow up. 'By the time you come again,' I said to the lady with a bow. 'Twenty years, I guess!' said she severely. Heavens! And I thought they sprang up in a night or two!"

MIDLAND RAILWAY.

SCOTLAND,

Via Settle and Carlisle.

SUMMER EXPRESS SERVICE (Week-days).

	A.M.	B.	C.	D.	E.	F.	G.	H.	I.	J.	AJ
LONDON	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	NIGHT
(St. Pancras) dep.	5 15	9 30	9 45	11 30	11 35	1 30	7 30	8 30	9 30	9 30	12 0
Leicester	7 20	11 28	11 28	1 30	1 30	3 27	8 54	10 28	10 35	10 35	2 0
Nottingham	7 30	11 10	11 10	1 0	2 2	4 07	9 19	10 25	12 0	12 0	2 0
Sheffield	9 0	12 18	12 55	2 10	2 10	4 25	9 35	11 47	12 38	12 38	1 58
Leeds	10 0	1 28	1 48	3 28	3 42	5 33	11 23	12 38	1 50	2 0	4 10
Bradford	9 40	12 50	1 0	2 40	2 40	5 05	10 0	10 55	1 20	1 20	2 5
Liverpool (Exc.) ..	9 30	12 35	12 35	2 20	2 20	4 35	—	—	12 45	12 45	—
Manchester (Vic.) ..	9 35	12 30	12 30	2 25	2 25	4 40	—	—	12 50	12 50	—
Carlisle	12 35	3 45	4 0	5 50	6 0	7 55	1 30	2 50	4 15	4 30	6 25
Stranraer (for Belfast and North of Ireland)	5 30	—	7 25	10 40	—	—	5 47	—	—	—	11 26
Ayr	3 54	—	6 51	8 41	—	10 43	—	5 51	—	7 28	9 25
Glasgow	3 30	—	6 35	8 25	—	10 20	—	6 10	—	7 5	9 0
(St. Enoch)	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Greenock (for Clyde Watering Places) ..	4 37	—	8 2	9 52	—	12 5	—	7 26	—	8 42	10 20
Edinburgh (Wav.) ..	3 30	6 5	—	—	8 35	10 25	3 50	—	6 45	—	12 10
Oban	9 5	—	—	—	4 45	8 50	—	12 10	—	—	6 35
Fort William	9 38	—	—	—	—	9 43	—	2 25	—	—	—
Mallaig	—	—	—	—	—	11 32	—	7 30	—	—	—
Perth	5 45	7 52	—	—	10 36	5	5	8 55	—	—	3 5
Dundee	6 15	8 5	—	—	10 51	5 28	—	9 1	—	—	3 37
Aberdeen	8 40	10 5	—	—	12 50	7 20	—	11 10	—	—	6 10
Inverness	11 10	—	—	—	5 10	—	9 12	—	1 50	—	8 35

For Sunday Service see Midland Time Tables.

BREAKFAST, LUNCHEON, DINING, AND SUPPER CARS.
A Breakfast Car Carlisle to Glasgow (Sundays excepted).
B Luncheon Cars London to Edinburgh, and Dining Cars Edinburgh to Aberdeen.
C Luncheon Cars London to Glasgow.
D Dining Cars London to Glasgow.
E Dining Cars London to Edinburgh.
F Dining and Supper Cars London to Bradford.
G London to Edinburgh, Aberdeen, Perth, and Inverness.
H London to Dumfries.
I London to Edinburgh.
J London to Glasgow.
K Saturday Nights excepted. L Arrives later on Sundays. M Sundays excepted.
N Stranraer Harbour. P 5.50 p.m. on Tue., Thursdays, and Saturdays. No connection on Sundays. Q On Saturdays Passengers leave at 4.57 p.m.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENTS.

COOK'S EXCURSIONS FROM ST. PANCRAS

(With bookings from City, Greenwich, and Woolwich Stations).

Destination.	Date.	Period.
Dublin and {via Liverpool	Fortnightly, from Thursday, July 14	16 days.
South of Ireland {via Morecambe	Fortnightly, from Friday, July 15	16 days.
Belfast, London, via Barrow	Fortnightly, from Thursday, July 14	16 days.
derry, Portrush, via Liverpool	Tuesday, August 16	16 days.
and the North {via Stranraer	Tuesday, August 23	16 days.
of Ireland	Thursdays, July 14, August 11	16 days.
Belfast only, all Routes	and 25, &c.	16 days.
Dublin only, via Liverpool	Saturdays, July 9 and 30, August 13 and 27, &c.	16 days.
London, via Morecambe	Fortnightly, from Friday, July 15, to Sept. 23 inclusive.	7 or 16 days.
North of England, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and other parts of Scotland	Friday Nights, July 8 and 22	1, 3, 5, or 8 days.
Leicester, Loughboro', Nottingham, Stockport, Manchester, Liverpool, Warrington, Chester, field, Sheffield, Leeds, and Bradford	Saturdays, July 9 and 23	3, 5, or 8 days.
All parts of the Midlands, Lancashire, Yorkshire, &c.	Saturday, July 16, August 13 and 27, Sept. 10 and 24	3, 6, or 8 days.
	(For particulars of Excursions on July 30, see Bank Holiday pamphlet.)	

WEEKLY EXCURSIONS.

Destination.	Date.	Period.
Isle of Man ..	Every Friday Midnight and Every Saturday Morning until Sept. 24	3, 8, 10, 15, or 17 days.
Lancashire and Yorkshire Coasts, Liverpool, Southport, Morecambe, Lancaster, Lake District, and Peak of Derbyshire	Every Saturday until Sept. 24 inclusive	3, 8, 10, 15, or 17 days.
Blackpool, Lytham, St. Anne's, and Fleetwood	Every Wednesday until Sept. 28 inclusive	6, 8, 13, or 15 days.

For Season Excursions to AMPHILL, TURVEY, BEDFORD, OLNEY, WELLINGBOROUGH, and KETTERING on Saturdays; and to ST. ALBANS, HARPENDEN, REDBOURN, and HEMEL HEMPSTEAD on Thursdays and Saturdays, see programmes.

TICKETS, BILLS, &c., may be had at ST. PANCRAS and other MIDLAND STATIONS and CITY BOOKING OFFICES, and from THOS. COOK and SON, Ludgate Circus, and Branch Offices.

Monthly Programme of Excursions from St. Pancras gratis. July Pamphlet now ready. Derby, July 1904. JOHN MATHIESON, General Manager.

LONDON AND NORTH WESTERN AND CALEDONIAN RAILWAYS.

ROYAL MAIL WEST COAST ROUTE.	CORRIDOR TRAINS, LUNCHEON, TEA, and DINING CARS.
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QUICKEST TRAIN SERVICE LONDON, BIRMINGHAM, BRISTOL, LIVERPOOL, AND MANCHESTER TO GLASGOW.

ADDITIONAL AND ACCELERATED TRAINS JULY, AUGUST, AND SEPTEMBER, 1904.

	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	B.	C.	E.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.
London (Euston) dep.	5 15	10 0	10 5	11 30	2	7 45	—	8 0	8 50	9 0
Edinburgh (Princes St.)	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	11 50
Glasgow (Central) arr.	3 0	6 15	—	7 55	10 30	—	—	—	6 50	7 50
Greenock ..	3 0	6 30	—	7 55	10 30	—	—	—	6 50	7 50
Gourock ..	4 22	7 23	—	9 10	11 17	—	—	—	8 4	9 50
Oban ..	4 34	7 35	—	9 30	11 28	—	—	—	8 15	9 10
Perth ..	9 5	—	—	4 45	—	—	8 50	—	12 0	2 10
Dundee (via Dundee) ..	5 30	—	8 0	—	12 25	4 40	5 20	—	8 35	9 15
Aberdeen ..	11 10	—	—	5 10	9 12	—	9 12	—	—	1 50
Inverness ..	—	—	8 45	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Aberdeen ..	—	—	10 30	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Ballater ..	—	—	—	1 55	—	—	7 15	—	—	—
Inverness (via Aberdeen) ..	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Edinburgh ..	—	—	—	7 35	—	—	12 5	—	—	6 0

* On Saturday nights the 8.50 and 11.50 p.m. trains from Euston do not convey passengers to stations marked * (Sunday mornings in Scotland).

B—On Saturdays passengers by the 2 p.m. train from London are not conveyed beyond Perth by the Highland Railway, and only as far as Aberdeen by the Caledonian Railway.

C—Passengers by the 7.45 p.m. from Euston will arrive at Inverness at 8.35 a.m. from July 18 to August 13. This train does not run on Saturday nights. It will run specially on Sunday, August 7.

D—Arrives Perth at 8.40 a.m., and Dundee 9.15 a.m., and Aberdeen at 11.30 a.m. on Sundays.

E—The Night Express, leaving Euston at 8 p.m., will run every night (except Saturdays).

F—From July 1 to July 15 (Saturdays excepted).

G—Arrives Perth at 8.18 a.m., on Sundays, &c., Saturday night from London (Euston).

H—Arrives Dundee (West) at 6.50 p.m. on Wednesdays and Fridays.

A Special Train will leave Euston at 3.30 p.m. from July 11 to August 8, Saturday and Sunday nights excepted, for the conveyance of horses and private carriages to all parts of Scotland. A special carriage for the conveyance of dogs will be attached to this train.

For further particulars see the Companies' Time Tables, Guides, and Notices.

FREDERICK HARRISON, General Manager L. and N. W. Railway.
R. MILLAR, General Manager Caledonian Railway.

LONDON AND NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY.

GREENORE (CARLINGFORD LOUGH, IRELAND).

Excellent accommodation is provided at the LONDON AND NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY COMPANY'S HOTEL at GREENORE, the improvement and enlargement of which has been completed. Conveniently arranged Bungalows have also been erected in a pleasant situation facing Carlingford Lough.

GOLF LINKS (18-HOLE COURSE) and Club House have also been provided by the Company, and of these RESIDENTS IN THE HOTEL HAVE FREE USE. Full pension from 70s. per week.

Passengers with Through Tickets between England and the North of Ireland are allowed to break the journey at Greenore.

Euston Station, 1904.

FREDERICK HARRISON, General Manager.

AN ENTERTAINMENT OF UNEXAMPLED BRILLIANCE.

through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office,
23, Strand, W.C. London.

195, Strand, W.C., London.

THE WORLD'S NEWS.

OUR PORTRAITS.

The Right Rev. George Howard Wilkinson, D.D., Bishop of St. Andrews, Dunkeld, and Dunblane, newly appointed Primus of the Scottish Episcopal Church in succession to the Bishop of Moray, Ross, and Caithness, who has retired, was Bishop of Truro for eight years, and has held cures at Kensington, Seaham Harbour, Auckland, Great Windmill Street, London, and St. Peter's, Eaton Square. He was born in 1833, was educated at Durham School and Oriel College, Oxford, and married a daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Benfield des Vœux in 1857.

Sir William Rattigan, who met with a fatal motor accident on July 4, was returned for North-East Lanarkshire in 1901, when he converted a Liberal majority of 1553 into a Unionist lead of 904. Sir William, who was born at Delhi in 1842, the son of a soldier in the East India Service, was educated at Agra, studied law, and eventually became a pleader. Just before reaching his thirtieth year he came to England and was called to the English Bar; he also took first-class honours at Göttingen. Then, on returning to Lahore, he amassed a fortune, serving as a

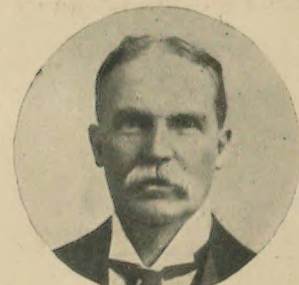


Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE SIR WILLIAM
RATTIGAN, M.P.,
KILLED IN A MOTOR ACCIDENT.

Judge in the Chief Court of the Punjab and acting as a member of the Viceroy's Legislative Council. Sir William took silk in 1897, was elected a Bencher of Lincoln's Inn in 1903, and was Vice-Chancellor of the Punjab University for eight years. Admiral George Lydiard Sullivan, who died on July 3, was the son of the late Admiral Thomas Ball Sullivan, and entered the Royal Navy as a cadet in 1846. He was present at the attack on Fort Anjoza; served in the Naval Brigade during the Kaffir War; was a Lieutenant on board the *Vesuvius* in the Black Sea throughout the Russian War; was twice mentioned, and received the Crimean medal with two clasps, the Sebastopol medal, the Turkish medal, and the Fifth-Class Medjidieh; commanded the *Daphne* during the Abyssinian War of 1868; was engaged in the suppression of the slave trade at Zanzibar, and was senior officer of the naval force which took part in the capture of the Mombasa Forts; he also took part in the blockade of Dahomey. He became Rear-Admiral in 1886, and Vice-Admiral in February 1892. In March of the latter year he retired, and in 1897 he was gazetted Admiral on the retired list.

By the death of Dr. Herzl on July 3 the world lost one of its notable idealists. A native of Buda-Pesth, he was called to the Austrian Bar, but had less taste for law than for the drama. He became a popular writer of light comedy, then Paris correspondent of the *Neue Freie Presse*, and then literary editor of that journal. But he gave up everything to devote himself to the cause of Zionism, of which he was the pioneer. He believed that the creation of a Jewish State in Palestine would solve a great problem by providing a home for the persecuted Jews of South-Eastern Europe. He convened the Congress at Basle, and by sheer personal force won over many of his co-religionists, who questioned the practical character of the scheme. It may have been only a dream, but the sincerity and eloquence of Herzl impressed it strongly on the imagination of Europe. He has been cut off at the age of forty-four, and it is doubtful whether any man of equal influence is left to fill his place.

The new Liberal member for the Sowerby Division, Mr. John Sharp Higham, is a native of Accrington, and has taken prominent part in the political and social life of his town and county for a number of years. He has been twice Mayor of Accrington, which he also represents in the Lancashire County Council, is treasurer of the Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union, and an ardent temperance worker, conductor of a class for young men in a Sunday school, leader of the choir and treasurer of Oak Street Congregational Church, Accrington, and president of the local Liberal Association. Mr. Higham, who married a daughter of Mr. W. P. Hartley, the well-known jam-maker, is a cotton-manufacturer.



Photo. Moffitt, Accrington.
MR. J. S. HIGHAM, C.C., J.P.,
NEW M.P. FOR THE SOWERBY
DIVISION.

George Frederick Watts, the greatest modern master of painting, died on July 1 at the age of eighty-seven. Although so great a painter, he was the simplest of men. Successful, he had no arrogance; and, unconventional, he was in nothing wanton. If he painted like an Old Master, he often thought as a young child. Elemental (we say not elementary) he was in the motives of many of his allegorical and other subjects; and in his sayings, in print or by word of mouth, he sometimes took reader or listener aback by his vehement

expression of truisms. Personally he endeared himself to all who knew him; and, at the end of his days, he enjoyed a repose in private life and a security in public fame which career had denied him. He was a long illness. month ago by the pre-looking at equestrian "Physical the Royal quadrangle; fragile, but artistseemed better the bronze more perthe two. had worked statue; but tures now on London which were his handiwork during recent years and months. It matters not whether these did or did not show signs of declension, whether the hand visibly faltered; for now the whole career passes before us, and Watts is judged by the greatest, and not by his secondary, works. Elsewhere we notice his career at greater length.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE RIGHT REV. G. H.
WILKINSON, D.D.,
NEW PRIMUS OF THE SCOTTISH
EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

FRANCE AND MOROCCO.

The French Government is moving at last in a tentative fashion towards the control of Moorish politics. Algerian police have been sent to Tangier, and the Sultan is provided with a financial adviser, who may keep a tight hand on that potentate's rather careless expenditure. The success of Raisuli has prompted other adventurers to make demands, and threaten to raid Tangier if these are not conceded. The game of carrying off Europeans as hostages may be checked by the advent of the Algerian police. On the other hand, this may excite the Moorish tribes to such a pitch of exasperation that France will be compelled to send a considerable body of troops. No other Power will interfere, and it is plain that the French Government is acting with reluctance. As the tribal fanatics are not likely to recognise French suzerainty, M. Combes

The French Government is moving at last in a tentative fashion towards the control of Moorish politics.



AN APOSTLE OF DIPLOMACY BY FORCE:
THE MOORISH BRIGAND CHIEF RAISULI.
SKETCH BY MAURICE ROMBERG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN MOROCCO

or his successor may have to undertake an expedition by no means popular in France, where the spirit of adventure has greatly declined.

PARLIAMENT.

Mr. Balfour raised a lively debate by moving a resolution for closing the Licensing Bill by compartments. He allotted five more days for the Committee stage, two for Report, and one for the third reading. This step, he argued, was made necessary by the backward state of public business, for which he blamed the Opposition, who had consumed so much time in criticising the administration of the Government that little was left for legislation. There had been only one legislative sitting before Easter, and seven between Easter and Whitsuntide. At the present rate of progress it would take a year and a quarter to pass the Licensing Bill.

Mr. Asquith retorted that the Bill had been in Committee only thirty-four hours, during which time Unionist members had made more speeches than the Opposition. The resolution was a tyrannical effort to stifle debate. Mr. Whittaker caused a sensation by accusing the Government of being "under the influence of drink," and Mr. Balfour personally of having

succumbed to some intrigue of brewers at Manchester. The Opposition speakers attributed the state of business to Mr. Balfour's mismanagement, and his resolve to force upon Parliament an unpopular measure for which there was no mandate. Mr. Asquith's amendment to the closure resolution was rejected by a majority of 73.

THE ALIENS BILL.

When Grand Committees of the House of Commons were instituted, it was not thought expedient to empower the Chairman to apply the closure. This oversight has encouraged the Opposition members of the Grand Committee on the Aliens Bill to obstruct without stint. Mr. Winston Churchill is the moving spirit; but great distinction has been achieved by Major Seely, who gravely contended that to exclude criminal aliens would be a blow to English liberty. The criminal alien, according to the Bill, must have been convicted by a foreign court of a crime within the terms of the Extradition Act, which, of course, has nothing to do with political offences. So any convicted thief from another country ought to be consecrated by English liberty, and invited to carry on his calling amongst us. It only remains for Major Seely to denounce as tyranny the proposal of the Government to expel the foreign criminals who have been convicted by our own courts. It is curious to note that the Member for the Isle of Wight, who wants England to remain the refuge for the scum of Europe, is vehemently opposed to the introduction of Chinese labour into the Transvaal.

THE CHANTREY BEQUEST.

The House of Lords has appointed a Committee, consisting of Lord Carlisle, Lord Lytton, Lord Ribblesdale, Lord Newton, and Lord Windsor to inquire into the administration of the Chantrey Bequest. No doubt Sir Edward Poynter and his colleagues believe that they have carried out the spirit of Sir Francis Chantrey's will; but they are almost alone in that belief. They are credited with the opinion that Chantrey desired his money to be expended for the encouragement of young and unknown artists. There is no such suggestion in his will. What he aimed at was the creation of a great representative collection of pictures—a vastly different object. Hitherto the Academy has held that the Bequest is the private affair of a private corporation, with which the nation has no concern. But nothing can be clearer than the purely national character which Chantrey wished to give to his fund. On that head the appointment of the Committee of Inquiry is conclusive, for Parliament does not inquire into the private affairs of private corporations.

THE WAR: AN EXPERT COMMENTARY.

During the past week the interest in the war has been about equally divided between the sea and the land—that is to say, between the diversions of Admiral Besobrazoff and the difficulties of General Kuropatkin. Of the two officers the Admiral scores, because, although his operations are of no great account, he has at least been able to evade his pursuer and escape without serious punishment. There is a tragicomic side to these adventures in the persistent manner in which some of the Japanese papers suggest that the time has arrived for Admiral Kamimura to perform the rite of "honourable death" with the traditional sword of the Samurai, in consequence of his having failed to bring the foe to action. Had this been the penalty in some other services, recent history might have read very differently.

It is, however, the operations on land which claim the largest share of attention, not perhaps because they are likely to prove decisive, for the ultimate results must continue to rest with the wielders of sea-power, but because the situation created by recent movements transcends in interest all that has happened before. The operations, which were concealed behind the screen of Japanese outposts, culminated in a series of actions by which the passes over the mountains which separate the valleys of the Yalu, the Ai, and the Liao were captured on June 26 and 27. Thus the whole of the Russian advance positions fell, their garrisons being driven back upon the main body. The passes seized were the famous Motien-ling, which was apparently turned by a track over the Tsen-shan range, which enabled the Japanese to get behind the right flank of the position; the Ta-ling, a pass over the road from Siu-yen to Liao-chang via Hai-cheng; and the Fen-shui-ling, which is some twelve or thirteen miles north-west of Siu-yen, and thirty-five miles east of Hai-cheng, both these roads leading to Ta-shi-chiao, on which place the Russians fell back. The full effect of these well-concerted movements has not yet been thoroughly realised, but it is obvious that the Japanese are now in a position to bear down upon Hai-cheng and Liao-yang as soon as a favourable opportunity occurs. The uncertain factor is the weather, and much will depend upon how far the prevailing rains



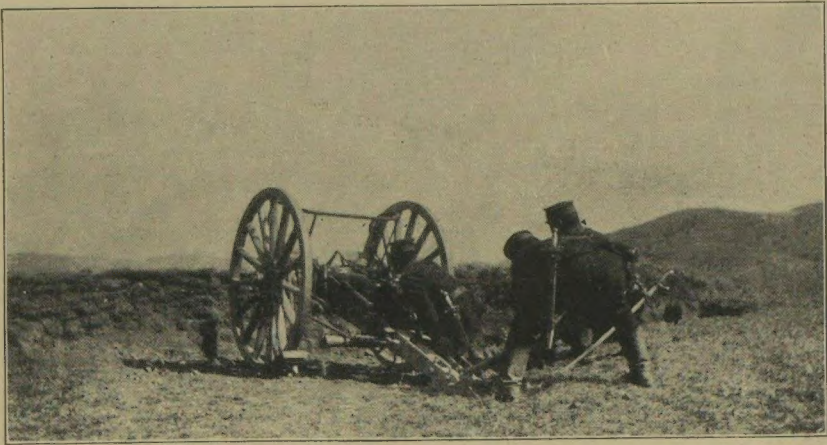
Photo. Russell.
THE LATE ADMIRAL G. L.
SULLIVAN,
DISTINGUISHED NAVAL OFFICER.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE DR. THEODOR
HERZL,
FOUNDER OF THE ZIONIST MOVEMENT.

KUROKI'S GUNS IN ACTION: THE JAPANESE ARTILLERY IN THE LIAO-TUNG PENINSULA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER KIRTON.



GUN IN ACTION: SIGHTING.



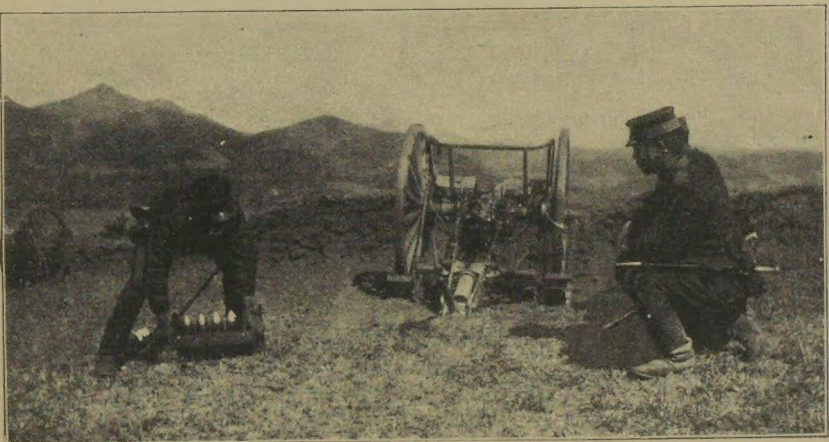
ARTILLERY TEAMS.



A FIELD-GUN IN ACTION.



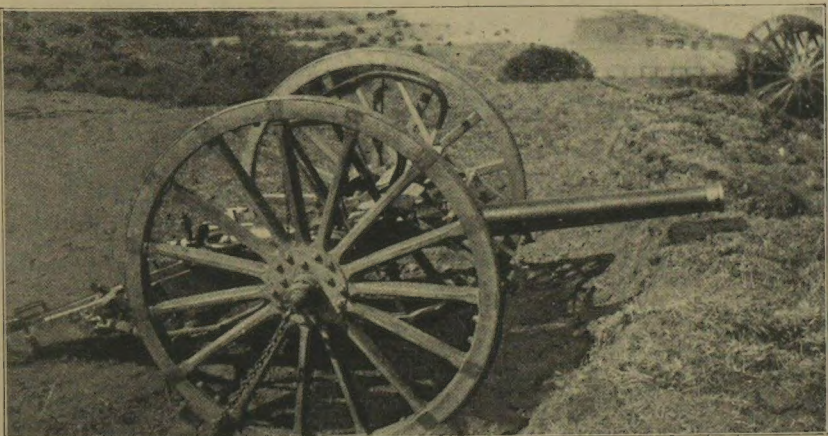
TRAINING A FIELD-PIECE.



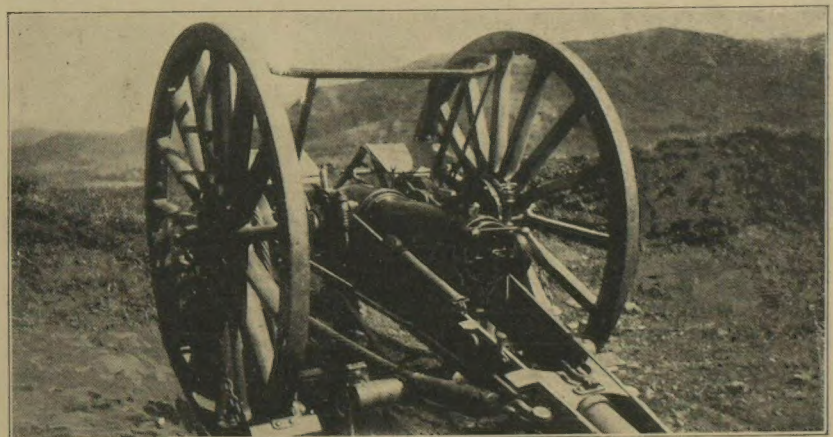
BRINGING UP SHELLS.



FIELD-ARTILLERY LIMBERING UP.



A JAPANESE FIELD-PIECE: SIDE VIEW.



A JAPANESE FIELD-PIECE: BREECH VIEW.

The Japanese artillery is one of the best arms of their Service, and has proved tremendously effective in all the great battles of the present campaign. They use the Arisaka field-gun, which bears some resemblance to the German weapon. It is a 7.8 centimetre quick-firer. The weapon throws its shells with admirable precision to a distance of between 6000 and 7000 yards. The breech closely resembles that of the Canet gun which is used by the Russians. The sights are telescopic. One of its peculiarities is the exceedingly low pitch of the barrel, which hangs in practically the same plane as the axis of the wheels. Another peculiarity is the spur under the trail of the gun which sticks automatically into the ground and arrests the recoil.

affect the arrangements for supplying the army over the mountain tracks.

It is particularly significant that at this moment Field-Marshal Oyama should have been ordered to assume the post of Commander-in-Chief of the Japanese forces in the field. It may be assumed that the necessity for his presence has been brought about by the separate armies having accomplished their several tasks and, being now in touch, are prepared to operate together under one commander. Similar situations are not unknown in military history, and it may even be that, following European precedent, it is considered expedient to have at the front a military man with equal authority to that of the Russian Commander-in-Chief, empowered to open negotiations and to decide conditions if necessary.

Exactly what dispositions the Russians are making it is a little difficult to discover from the untrustworthy telegrams disseminated by the Russian agencies. Some time since, it was expected that the Russian General would order a concentration of all his troops on Hai-cheng, with a view either to the reinforcement of the garrisons of the passes or of making a movement to Liao-yang if fortune proved adverse. But the passes have fallen, and, as far as can be seen, the Russians are divided, one portion being at Kai-ping and another at Liao-yang, while, apparently owing to the state of the roads in the lower districts of Manchuria, the latter cannot return to the north. The torrential rain is said to have washed out the camps at Ta-shi-chiao and at Hai-cheng, inundating the men's quarters and destroying tons of stores. It is somewhat significant in this connection to learn that the Japanese have since abandoned the Ta-ling Pass, which led to the place where the wash-out occurred, and have worked away to the right, with the army which seized it, thus reinforcing Kuroki to the north. It seems very probable that what has been construed by the Russians to mean a victory for their troops merely indicates that the Japanese refuse to advance by a road in which they would probably have to take to swimming. The position at the time of writing is, then, that Kuroki, reinforced by that army, whichever it was, which took the Ta-ling Pass, is now threatening Liao-yang and advancing upon Wafang-huan, where he can control the railway, while on his right flank is a flying column, which was last heard of at Tsai-mat-su, and which by descending the Tai-tse Valley will approach Liao-yang from the north. On the other hand, the force Kuropatkin has at Kai-ping is threatened by the other Japanese armies, one of which fought the battle of Telissu, and the other has now cut in across the Fen-shui-ling Pass, this being apparently the army that landed at Taku-shan, and believed to be under the command of General Nodzu.

At any moment, then, a battle of vital importance may take place, and as the services of Field-Marshal Oyama may be required, it is of import to know that he is expected to be on the scene of action by the 8th or 9th of this month.

OUR SUPPLEMENT. The great game now being played with Manchuria as chess-board cannot be properly understood without a minute map of the seat of war. We have been fortunate to secure for publication

THE GOVERNMENT OF FINLAND.

The assassination of General Bobrikoff, never likely to alleviate the lot of the Finns, has led them from the frying-pan into the fire. The new Governor, Prince Obolenski, is notorious for the harshness of his methods: Bobrikoff is said to have been a lamb in comparison with him. Certainly his record is one of stern dealing. On one occasion he watched the knouting of some hundreds of students, several of whom died under the lash. Meantime, the Czar has issued a rescript in which he states that he considers "the terrible murder which has

struggling humanity. Captain Gundel went down with his ship, but managed to rise to the surface, and though severely injured, swam for nearly two hours, when he was taken on board one of the boats afterwards picked up by the *Energie*. Second Engineer Brunn was saved at the same time.

THE MULLAH AGAIN. Despite the soothing assurances of Mr. Arnold-Forster, the Mullah's power does not seem to be entirely broken, and that worthy propagandist is showing signs of making things as lively as ever in Somaliland. His present position is believed to be somewhere south of the Nogal River. He has with him six thousand men and three thousand rifles, plenty of ammunition, and large facilities for transport. It is understood that he has been joined by the Mijertain tribe, and that the Ogaden tribesmen are restless. Private advices describe the state of affairs as "rotten."

THE TIBET EXPEDITION.

The persistence with which the operations of the British Expedition to Tibet have been carried out has at last yielded some definite result, and brought Lassa delegates to Gyantse. On July 1 the Tongsa Penlop entered the British camp with a large retinue, and showed a letter in which the Dalai Lama requested him to use his good offices to secure a settlement, and named Ta Lama, the Lama's Grand Secretary, and a nominee of three monasteries, as his representatives. At the durbar which followed, Colonel Young-husband reviewed the causes of the present situation, and asked the delegates whether they wished the expedition to proceed to Lassa or whether they were empowered to act. In reply to this, the Tibetans declared that they had been appointed verbally, but that any treaty to which the Dalai Lama affixed his seal would be observed. Colonel Young-husband insisted upon the evacuation of the jong by July 5, and as this was not done fire was reopened on the fort by the British force.

THE PORT SUNLIGHT CHOIR. The Port Sunlight choir and orchestra, which are recruited entirely from the employees of Messrs. Lever's great factory, visited London on July 2 and gave a concert at the Queen's Hall. Not only have Messrs. Lever founded a beautiful model village for their workpeople, but they do everything to foster a love of the artistic, with what excellent results the concert proved. The singers and band were ably conducted by Mr. John Cheshire, and the principal vocalist was Miss Kathleen Marchant, holder of the Lever scholarship for singing.

THE ROYAL OPERA. The most memorable revival of last week at Covent Garden was that of Verdi's opera, "Un Ballo in Maschera." It has not been heard here since Sir Augustus Harris produced it in his first year of management in 1888. By lovers of light Italian opera



PAPER MONEY IN WAR-TIME: A JAPANESE MILITARY PROMISSORY NOTE.

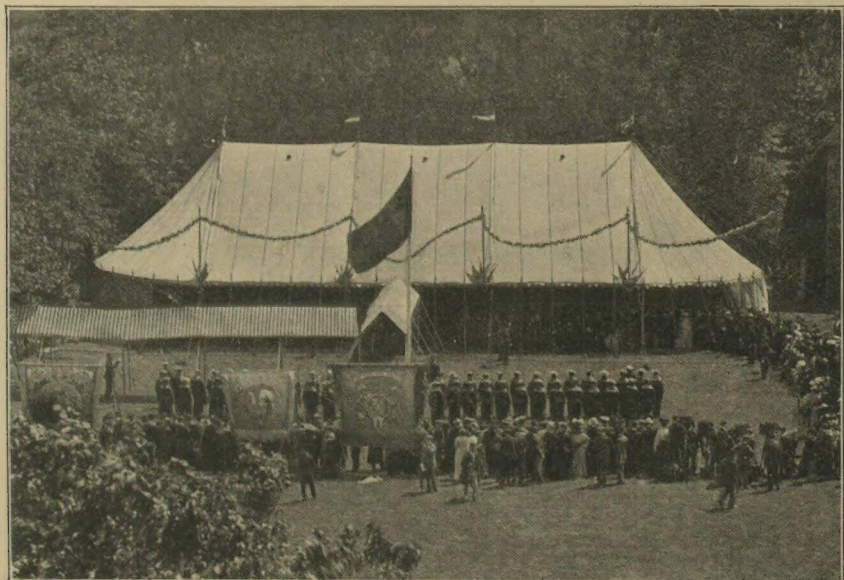
SUPPLIED BY WALTER KIRTON.

Its value is twenty sen, or one-fifth of a yen, about 4d.

darkened the social life of the country as the deed of one madman and his confederates," and does "not regard the Finnish nation as guilty of the crime."

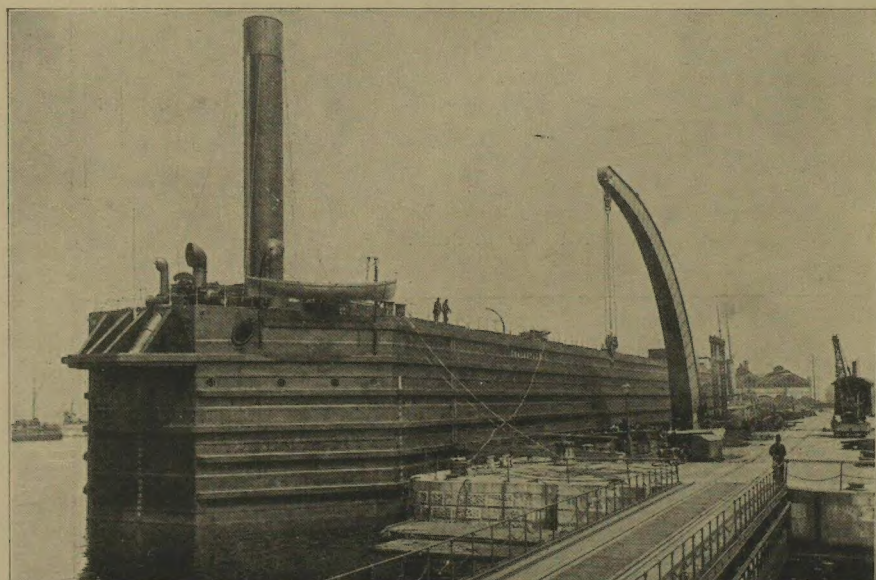
THE EMIGRANT-SHIP DISASTER.

Since the loss of the French steamer *La Bourgogne* in 1898 there has been no such terrible shipwreck as that which occurred in the early hours of June 28, when the Danish emigrant-steamer *Norge* went down in the North Atlantic with at least 620 persons. She sailed from Copenhagen on June 22 with 694 passengers—Norwegians, Russians, Danes, Swedes, and Finns—of whom women and children formed a large proportion. During stormy and foggy weather, the *Norge* struck on Rockall, a dangerous reef off the West of Scotland, 190 miles from St. Kilda. The vessel settled down very quickly, and the scene when the crowd of panic-stricken people rushed from their berths to the deck, to find death inevitable, touched the extremity of horror. Captain Gundel, his officers, and crew seemed to have behaved with the utmost gallantry, and did their best to get the boats launched, but, owing to the panic and confusion, it was impossible to do much. Some of the boats were swamped at once, and one was smashed by the heavy seas before it could be got afloat. About eight o'clock on the



THE INSTALLATION OF LORD CURZON AS LORD WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS.

The ancient and picturesque ceremonies were performed in the grounds of Dover College on July 2 by the Mayors, Bailiffs, and Barons of the Five Ports, assembled in Court of Shepway.



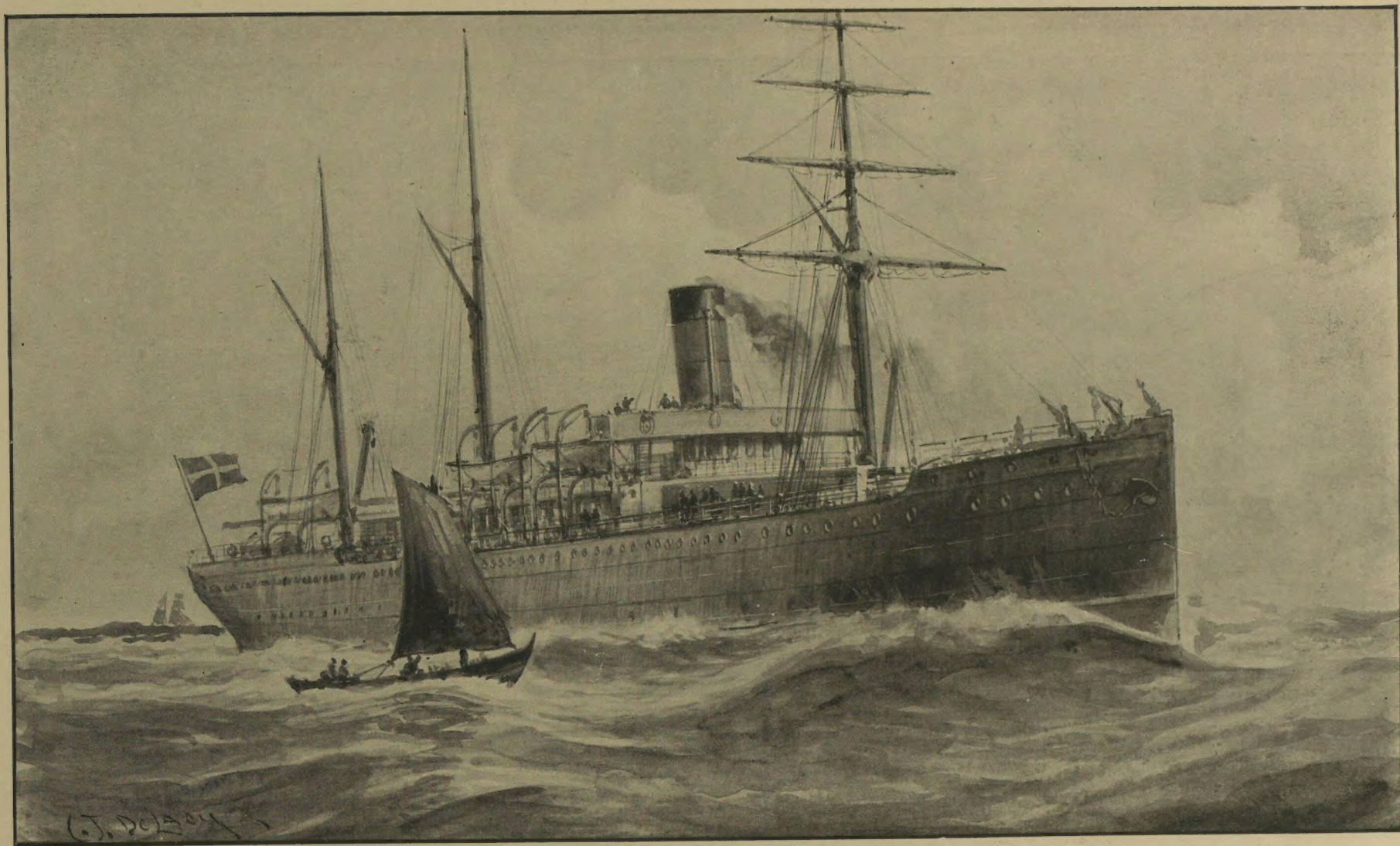
THE LARGEST COALING-SHIP IN THE WORLD: COAL DEPÔT NO. 1 AT PORTSMOUTH.

The vessel forms the new coal dépôt at Portsmouth. She is of 12,000 tons, and was built on the Tyne. Cranes are to be erected along the gunwale, giving access to every part of the ship.

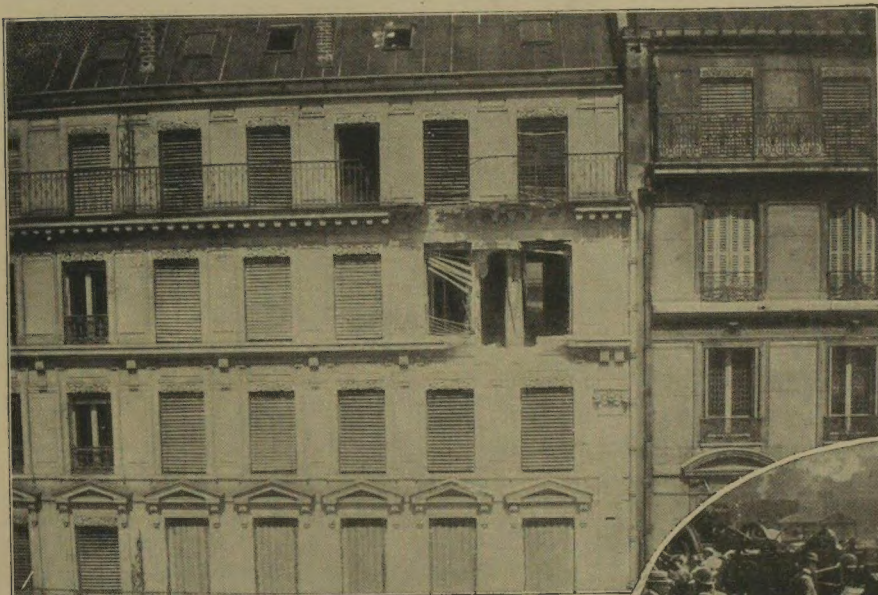
this week the fine coloured war-map of the Russo-Japanese operations in Manchuria and Korea, which has been compiled from observations made by Mr. R. T. Turley, F.R.G.S., with additions from the latest Admiralty charts and Russian maps. Besides a full indication of place-names, the map gives the main trade routes, the roads and cart-tracks, the telegraph lines and the railways open to the public in 1903. Minerals and crops are also marked. No better aid could be desired to the intelligent following of the campaign now in progress, and a copy should lie beside every reader as he peruses the news from the Far East.

morning of Wednesday, after being adrift for more than four-and-twenty hours, a boat's crew was picked up by the trawler *Salvia*, which landed twenty-seven survivors at Grimsby on the night of July 3. On July 4 the steamer *Energie* brought seventy survivors to Stornoway, and thirty-one others were saved and brought to the same port by the Dundee steamer *Cervona*. Seventeen others reached Aberdeen. But for the firmness and devotion of the officers and seamen no one would have escaped. The last scene beggars description. The *Norge* sank in twenty minutes, and for a few moments after she foundered the sea was black with

it should be welcomed for its many florid and captivating melodies. It has really some dramatic moments and a great opportunity for displays of ideal flexibility in the leading parts. Signor Caruso was not slow to avail himself of his chance for emotional singing as Riccardo, and interpreted the music most beautifully, lifting it out of the realm of rather meretricious effects. Signor Scotti, who can always be counted upon, made an admirable Renato; and the light music of the page, Oscar, was brilliantly sung by Fräulein Kurz. M. Journet and Mlle. Russ also deserve mention. Massenet's "Salomé" was billed for July 6.



THE EMIGRANT-SHIP DISASTER IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC: THE DANISH STEAMER "NORGE," SUNK ON JUNE 28 WITH 620 PASSENGERS.
DRAWN BY CHARLES DE LACY FROM A SKETCH SUPPLIED BY MESSRS. ALEXANDER STEPHEN AND SONS.



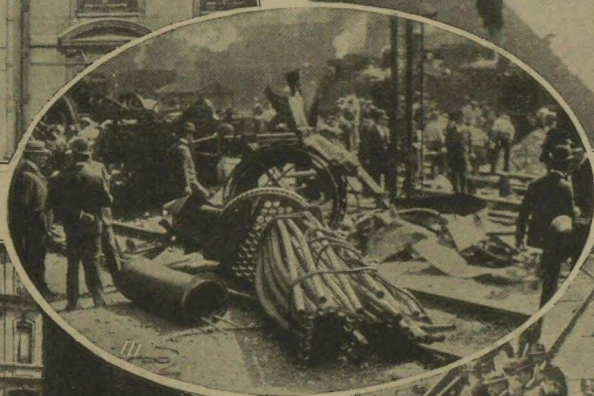
DAMAGE AT 400 YARDS DISTANCE: EFFECT OF A FLYING FRAGMENT IN THE RUE DE BERNE.



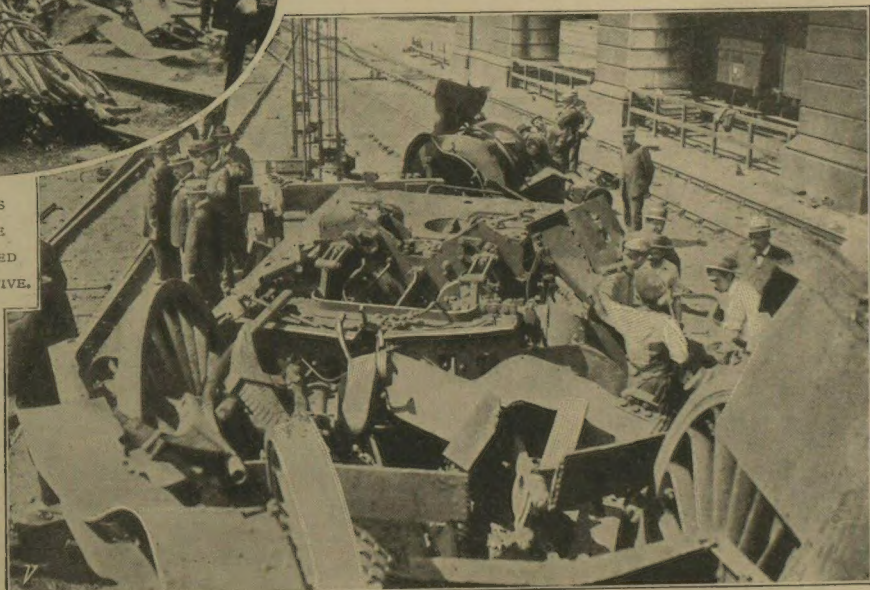
FRAGMENT WHICH FELL IN THE RUE DE BERNE.



THE SCENE IN THE RUE DE BERNE AFTER THE ACCIDENT.



DEBRIS OF THE WRECKED LOCOMOTIVE.



THE REMAINS OF THE LOCOMOTIVE IN THE ST. LAZARE SIDING.

THE BURSTING OF A LOCOMOTIVE BOILER AT THE ST. LAZARE TERMINUS, PARIS, JULY 4.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRANGER.

Fragments of the engine were hurled to a distance of 400 yards on all sides. Only the wheels and lower framework of the engine remained on the line. The tender, curiously enough, escaped undamaged. On the fifth floor of No. 4, Rue de Berne, a great hole has been driven by masses of iron, which flew across a four-storeyed goods building. In the Rue de Rome two shops were entirely wrecked, and in the Rue de Madrid a café and a locksmith's were badly damaged. No one was killed, but several people were injured, including the stoker of the engine.

MASSENET'S RECHRISTENED OPERA: THE FIRST PERFORMANCE OF "SALOMÉ" IN ENGLAND.

DRAWN BY W. RUSSELL FLINT.



Madame Calvé.

SCENE FROM ACT III: MADAME CALVÉ IN THE RÔLE OF SALOMÉ.

This work by Massenet was on its first production known as "Hérodiade." On another page we give an appreciation of the composer's work.

BY M. E. FRANCIS.

Postman Chris.

ILLUSTRATED BY GUNNING KING.

IT was about four o'clock of the afternoon when Postman Chris set forth on his second round. He swung along at a rapid pace, looking about him with that pleased, alert air as of one for whom his surroundings had not yet lost the charm of novelty. He had, indeed, that very morning entered on his duties as postman for the first time, though he had served his country in another way before. For Postman Chris Ryves had been Trooper Chris Ryves in a previous state of existence. He had had his fill of warfare in South Africa, and had been wounded at Graspan: the left breast of his brand-new blue uniform was decorated with a medal and quite a row of clasps. Though Postman Chris walked at ease, he held himself with the erectness due to military training, and his straw hat was perched at the rakish angle which in earlier days had caused the heart of more than one artless city maiden to flutter in her bosom.

But for all these past glories of his, Postman Chris was an eminently pleasant and affable person. At any chance salutation of a passer-by the white teeth would flash out in that brown face of his; with the most good-humoured of smiles; he delivered up his letters with an urbanity of demeanour that was only surpassed by his soldierly promptitude, and he was willing to exchange the news of the day with any pedestrian who cared to march a short distance in his company.

The bag which he carried was not unduly heavy, nor his way fatiguingly long—it was a six-mile round, in fact, starting from Chudbury Marshall, proceeding through Riverton and Little Branston, to the market-town of Branston, and so back again.

It chanced that as Chris approached Little Branston schoolhouse on this particular day, his attention was attracted by a hubbub of voices and laughter proceeding from the adjoining field. Pausing a moment in his rapid progress, he looked through a gap in the hedge. A feast was evidently in progress; some of the children still sat in rows on the grass armed with great cups of sickly looking tea, and munching vigorously at buns or hunches of bread-and-jam; others, having finished their meal, were already at play. Here Blind-man's-buff was going on; there, "Drop-handkerchief." In the corner of the field directly under the postman's observation a game of Forfeits was proceeding.

The schoolmistress, who sat directly facing him, was holding up one object after the other over the blind-folded head of a pupil-teacher, a bright little girl who had left school recently enough to enter still with almost childish zest into such amusements.

"Here's a Fine Thing, and a very Fine Thing; what is the owner of this Fine Thing to do?" cried the schoolmistress. She had a pleasant, clear voice, and though she sat back upon her heels like many of her pupils, there was something particularly graceful about figure and attitude.

"That's a shapely maid," remarked Postman Chris to himself; "yes, and a witty one, too."

It will be seen that Chris Ryves was a Dorset man, as, indeed, his name betokened; he came, in fact, from the other side of the county.

The face which he looked on, was as pretty as the figure, with its fresh bloom enhanced by the darkness of eyes and hair.

"What is the owner of this Fine Thing to do?" she repeated.

"She must bite an inch off a stick," responded the pupil-teacher with a delighted giggle.

The owner of the forfeit, a peculiarly stolid-looking child, came slowly up to redeem her pledge, and after a mystified but determined attempt to obey the mandate literally, was duly initiated into the proper and innocuous manner of accomplishing it. Then the performance was resumed.

"Here's a Fine Thing and a very Fine Thing, and what must the owner of this very Fine Thing do?" chanted the schoolmistress.

"Is it a boy or a girl?" asked the blindfolded oracle.

"Boy," responded the schoolmistress.

"Then he must bow to the wittiest, kneel to the prettiest, and kiss the one he loves best."

A little round-faced urchin came forward to claim his cap; and, after much prompting and not a little pushing, was induced to carry out the prescribed programme.

He duly pulled a forelock to the pupil-teacher, bent his knee to a small person with a necklace and

a profusion of corkscrew ringlets, and bestowed a careless salute on the chubby cheek of a smaller and still more round-faced female edition of himself—evidently a sister.

"Well I'm dalled!" said the postman. "Them children ha'n't got no eyes in their heads."

And with that he stepped back from the hedge, hitched up his bag a little higher on his shoulder, and strode off towards Branston.

The next day, at the same hour, Ruby Damory, the schoolmistress, was standing on the threshold of the schoolhouse with a copybook in her hand. She sometimes lingered after school, had broken up and the pupil-teacher had made things tidy and betaken herself homewards, to look over the children's exercises before returning to her lodgings, and as the interior of the house was close and stuffy she preferred to accomplish this task in the porch.

The schoolyard was as dusty and bleak as such places are; but by some strange chance the rose-tree which was trained over the porch remained uninjured by the constant passing of little feet and contact of little persons. It grew luxuriantly, and its clustering blossoms formed a pretty setting to the slim figure which stood propped against the wall beneath.

All at once Ruby raised her eyes from her book; a rapid step was advancing along the footpath from the direction of Riverton; over the irregular line of hedge she could see a straw hat set at a knowing angle on a head of bright red hair. It was the new postman from Chudbury—she had seen him go past that morning before she had yet left her room.

Now he was opposite the schoolhouse gate, but instead of passing, it he stood still, wheeled about with military precision, and took off his hat with a flourish.

"I bow to the wittiest," said Postman Chris.

Then before she had time either to respond or to turn away, he was marching on again, and soon disappeared behind the tall hedge on the other side of the school precincts.

"Well, to be sure!" said Ruby, and she laughed to herself; "he must have noticed our game yesterday. He was very complimentary, I must say, though I don't quite know how he could find out I was witty. I suppose he thinks I must be because I'm the schoolmistress."

And thereupon she returned to the exercise.

But in spite of herself her thoughts kept wandering to Postman Chris and his odd proceedings; and she said to herself that, though his hair was red, it was not at all an ugly colour—in fact, when he took off his hat it had flashed in the sun like burnished copper. The phrase took her fancy, for she liked a fine word or two when opportunity offered; and she was pleased, too, with the aptness of the simile. She possessed a little copper tea-kettle which she only used on great occasions and which was, she fancied, precisely the colour of the new postman's hair in the sunshine. He had a nice smile, too, and such quick bright brown eyes. And, then, that medal and those clasps—decidedly Postman Chris appeared to the schoolmistress somewhat in the light of a hero,



"Have you got a letter for me to-day?"

All that evening she thought of his brown face and his pleasant voice and of how his hair had flashed in the sun. On going home she got down the copper tea-kettle and looked at it, turning it about in the lamplight—yes, it really recalled the glow of the new postman's hair!

When, on the next day, Ruby heard the regular and rapid steps approaching, she stood for a moment in doubt. Should she go indoors or should she give the man a civil good-day as he passed? She chose the latter alternative; but as she opened her lips to speak the words died on them, for Postman Chris, once more pausing in front of the gate, dropped on his knees and bowed his head.

Their eyes met as he raised it again, and he said emphatically, "I kneel to the prettiest!"

Then, springing to his feet, he was gone before Ruby had time to recover from her astonishment. She went inside the larger school-room and sat down on the nearest bench, trembling from head to foot.

What did the man mean? Was he laughing at her? No, the brown eyes had looked into hers with as earnest and straightforward a gaze as was to be found in the eyes of a man. Was he courting her, then? It looked like it; but what a strange way to set about it! No preliminaries—no permission asked—not even a question exchanged between them. Did he intend to carry out the third part of the programme with the same speed and decision with which he had set about fulfilling the first two?

Ruby blushed hotly to herself, and then tossed her head. She was not to be won without due wooing; and, after all, was she, in any event, to be won by this man? She knew nothing of him except that he was a reservist with a small pension, and that he was a postman—a village postman! Was it likely that a girl of her education and position would throw herself away on a fellow like that—even if he had a kindly face, and a nice way of looking at one, and hair of the colour of a copper tea-kettle? Besides, he should know better than to approach her with so light a spirit.

The next day when Postman Chris came swinging along the Branstons road the schoolhouse porch was empty, the door bolted and barred. For a full moment he stood gazing towards it; and Ruby, peering cautiously out at him from behind the sheltering blackboard, saw his expression change from the eager tenderness which had for the fraction of a second almost made her wish that she were indeed standing in the porch, to one of hurt and proud surprise.

He wheeled about without delay, and the sound of his steps fell like a knell upon her heart.

Acting upon an unaccountable impulse, she flung open the door and darted to the gate; but Postman Chris never turned his head.

On the next day she again watched from behind the blackboard, and saw the postman march past without so much as a glance either to right or to left. On the day after, strange to relate, Miss Ruby Damory, the schoolmistress, happened to be correcting exercises in the porch when the postman from Chudbury Marshall walked past; but Postman Chris never caught sight of the schoolmistress. He was whistling as he walked, and held a little cane in his hand with which he switched at the hedge. When he passed the school-gate he tapped it with his cane, and subsequently drew it along the railings which bordered the yard, but he never turned his head.

There was no afternoon post on Sunday, but Postman Chris was at evening church, and there Ruby saw him, with the light of the stained-glass window falling on his uncovered head, and making a very nimbus of his hair.

When Monday afternoon came she was standing, not in the school porch, but at the gate, and when Postman Chris drew near, she accosted him in a small voice which did not sound like hers. Indeed, she felt at the time as though it were not she herself who was thus laying aside maidenly dignity, but some wicked little spirit within her, who acted for her against her will.

"Good-day, Postman," said Ruby, or the demon within her.

Postman Chris brought his heels together and saluted—not having yet learnt to lay aside this habit—but his face wore an expression of surprise.

"Have you got a letter for me to-day?" went on the voice.

"Name?" said Chris succinctly.

"Miss Ruby Damory," came the hurried answer.

The postman shook his head.

"I'm expecting a letter," went on Ruby confusedly. "Perhaps you may have left one at my lodgings in Little Branstons? I live at Mrs. Maidment's, at the corner of Green Lane."

The postman looked at her with an expression which would seem to indicate that Ruby's place of abode was a matter of supreme indifference to him.

"If any letter comes as is directed there of course it will be left there," he said, with a coldly business-like air.

"You didn't leave one for me to-day, I suppose?" faltered Ruby.

"Not as I know on," returned Chris stolidly.

Tears rushed to the girl's eyes; she felt wounded, insulted by this sudden change from warm admiration—admiration which possibly might have ripened to something else—to complete indifference. She hastily turned away her head to conceal them, but not before she had caught sight of a kind of gleam in the postman's brown eyes.

"Are ye so terrible disappointed?" he inquired roughly, not to say harshly.

"I? Oh, yes, of course I am."

She spoke truly enough, poor girl, though her disappointment arose from another cause than the ostensible one.

Chris eyed her sharply.

"Well, it'll come in time, I suppose," he remarked, still in the same surly tone; "and when it *do* come you shall have it."

And thereupon he saluted, hitched up his bag, and walked away.

Ruby went back to the school porch with a scarlet face, and a mist before her eyes.

"He's a rude fellow," she said; "I'll think of him no more."

But she was in a manner forced to think of him.

It was an unkind fate which decreed that Postman Chris Ryves' beat should bring him under Ruby Damory's notice twice in the day. Early in the morning, while still in her little lodging at the corner of Green Lane, she heard his brisk step ring out beneath her window, and looking down—as, indeed, she sometimes did from beneath the corner of her blind—she caught a glimpse of a blue uniform and a red head. But Postman Chris never looked up, and no letter was ever left for Miss Ruby Damory, care of Mrs. Maidment.

Then, as the church clock struck half-past four, a tall figure was always to be seen swinging along behind the green hedge, which drew near the school-gate, and passed by the school-yard without a single glance at the mistress correcting exercises in the porch.

It was out of pure contradictoriness, of course, that Ruby Damory learned to listen for that step and to watch for that figure. She grew thin and pale, slept brokenly, and dreamt frequently about Postman Chris; and Mrs. Maidment averred almost with tears that Miss Damory seemed to have no relish for her victuals, and could indeed be scarce persuaded to eat a radish with her tea.

One day the girl took herself seriously to task. "I am a fool, and worse," she said. "I must make an end of it. The man does not care a snap of his fingers for me. I'll try to forget he's in the world."

Therefore she refrained from peeping out from behind her blind on the following morning, and in the afternoon she locked up the schoolhouse directly the children had left, and proceeded homewards with the exercise-books under her arm. But whether because Postman Chris was more punctual that day, or because Ruby Damory walked slowly, this manœuvre did not have the desired effect; for, strange to say, the postman overtook her on the road.

Ruby had heard him coming, and had made valiant resolutions not to look round; but when he came up with her she could not resist turning towards him, and their eyes met.

"Did you speak?" said Postman Chris.

"No—I—I—" She stopped short; her heart was thumping so violently indeed that she could scarcely breathe.

"I thought you might have a letter for me," she murmured at last, in the frantic endeavour to cover her confusion.

"Not I," said the postman.

He made as if he would pass on, but wheeled round again. "What have you been doing to yourself?" he asked sharply.

"I? Oh, nothing."

"Ye bain't half the maid ye was," insisted Chris, eyeing her with severe disapproval. "Been frettin' about summat?"

If Ruby had been pale before she was rosy enough now.

"What do you mean?" she stammered. "What makes you say that?"

"I thought you mid be disapp'inted-like about that letter," responded the postman.

"Oh, the letter. Yes; 'tis very strange it doesn't come."

"Well, it's none o' my fault," retorted Chris roughly. "Ye needn't look at me like that. I'd bring it to ye fast enough if 'twas there."

"Oh, of course I never thought you wouldn't. I'm sure I never said anything!" cried poor Ruby, more and more agitated.

"Ye shouldn't go frettin' yourself, though," he remarked. "That won't make it come any faster. And you shouldn't blame me."

"I don't blame you," gasped the girl. "I don't—indeed I don't"; but here, in spite of herself, her voice was lost in a burst of sobs.

Postman Chris set down his bag and produced a khaki pocket-handkerchief—a relic, no doubt, of South African days. This he tendered very gallantly to Ruby, who, if truth be told, was at that moment at a loss for one, having used her own to wipe out a particularly impracticable sum from a small pupil's slate.

She accepted the offering in the spirit in which it was meant, dried her eyes, and returned the handkerchief to the postman with a watery smile. At that smile Chris changed colour; but he tucked away the handkerchief in his sleeve without a word, respectfully saluted, and departed. He never looked back at the girl, but as he walked away he said to himself, "That there maid—she be all I thought her. 'Tis a pity I didn't see her afore she took up wi' t'other chap. I wouldn't ha' left her a-pinin' so long, and a-waitin' and a-waitin' for a letter what never comes. But she'll stick to him—ah, sure, she'll stick to him!"

And with that he heaved a profound sigh and turned off in the direction of the post-office.

The former mode of procedure was now changed. Ruby locked up the schoolhouse every day after lesson-time, and Postman Chris regularly overtook her on the way home. By mutual consent they avoided the painful subject of the letter and conversed on indifferent topics; and more than once when Chris walked away he muttered to himself, "She be the prettiest, and she be the wittiest, and she be—Ah! 'tis a dalled pity I weren't on the field first!"

One day when the well-known step came up behind Ruby, it was accompanied by a shout:

"Hi!" cried Postman Chris; "hi! Miss Damory! I've a-got summat for ye at last."

Ruby turned towards him without any very great elation, for, if truth be told, a letter from her only correspondent had never caused her heart to beat one tittle faster than its wont. But as Chris came up with an excited face she felt she could do no less than simulate great delight at his news.

"At last!" cried she, holding out her hand for the letter. But Chris did not deliver it up at once. He looked up the road—it was, indeed, little more than a lane, and at that hour solitary enough; there was a strange flash in his eye.

"This'll be the end of all between you and me, I suppose?" said he. "Ye'll have got your letter and ye'll not care for seein' me come no more. I've a mind to make you pay for it."

Ruby's extended hand dropped by her side, and she started back.

"Here's a fine thing," said Postman Chris, still with that gleam in his eye, as he held up the letter. "Here's a Fine Thing and a very Fine Thing—what's the owner of this Fine Thing to do?"

"What do you mean?" whispered Ruby.

"'Tis your turn to pay the forfeit now!" cried he. "I've bowed to the wittiest and knelt to the prettiest—I'd have finished the job if you'd ha' let me. 'Tis your turn, I say. I'll let ye off all but the last."

"I don't know what you take me for, Chris Ryves!" cried Ruby tremulously. "I think you should be ashamed of yourself. You ought to know enough of me by this time to see that I'm not that kind of girl."

"Well, I be that kind o' man," returned Chris obstinately. "This here's the end—this here's my last chance. If you want your precious letter you must pay for it."

"How dare you!" cried Ruby, turning as white as a sheet. "You are very much mistaken, Mr. Ryves. I'd rather die—than—"

"Than have anything to say to me," he interrupted fiercely. "Oh, I know that very well, Miss Damory; you're not for the likes o' me, as you did show me plain enough at the beginning of our acquaintance. But a chap isn't so very bad if he does ask for a crumb before the whole loaf is handed over to another man! Give me one, Ruby—just one?"

Ruby backed away from him against the hedge.

"This is an insult!" she cried.

"An insult?" he repeated, suddenly sobered. "Oh, if you look on it that way! There's your letter," he went on, dropping his voice. "There's your letter, Miss Damory; I hope it'll give ye every joy and satisfaction."

And with that he handed the disputed document to the schoolmistress, took off his hat with a flourish, and marched away quick time. Not so quick, however, but that a little petulant cry fell upon his ears, and, wheeling involuntarily, he saw that the letter had been flung upon the ground, and that Ruby Damory was leaning against the hedge with her face buried in her hands.

Chris came back at the double.

"There!" he cried penitently. "I'm a brute-beast. I beg your pardon, my maid. I'm truly sorry—truly I am."

"Oh!" sobbed Ruby, "how could you be so unkind?"

"I'm sure I don't know how I came for to forget myself like that!" he returned ruefully. "But I'll never offend again, Miss Damory—never!"

"To expect me—to do that," faltered Ruby, "when you'd never said a word of love to me—when you'd never even asked to walk with me!"

The postman's brown face assumed a puzzled air; he drew a step nearer and picked up the letter.

"But," said he, then paused, and once more tendered the document to the schoolmistress.

"Oh, bother!" cried she irritably. "It'll keep."

Chris's countenance lit up suddenly.

"Will it indeed?" cried he. "That's a tale—a very different tale. There! when I was comin' along wi' that letter 'twas all I could do not to bury it or to drop it into a ditch. I mastered myself, ye know, but I were terrible tempted; and that was why," he added with a sly glance, "I did look for some reward."

"But why did you want to destroy my aunt's letter?" asked Ruby.

"Your aunt!" exclaimed Chris. "Your aunt! Well, that beats all."

He took off his hat and waved it; he danced a kind of jig upon the footpath; he threw himself sideways against the hedge, laughing all the while, so that Ruby stared in amazement. Suddenly he composed himself.

"That be another tale indeed, my maid!" said he. "I were a-thinking all the time 'twas your young man you was expectin' to hear from. But why was you always so eager on the look-out for me?"

"I'm sure I wasn't," said Ruby, and she blushed to the roots of her hair. She dared not look at Chris for a full moment, but at last was constrained to raise her eyes to his face, and there, lo and behold! he was blushing too. And looking at her—yes—with that very self-same expression which she had seen in his eyes on the morning when she had first hidden herself behind the blackboard.

He came a step nearer, and his blue-coated arm began to insinuate itself between the hedge and her trim waist.

"Then why, my maid," he began gently, "that there game, ye know—why didn't you let me finish?"

"Why," said Ruby, between laughing and crying, "because you hadn't begun."

He whistled softly under his breath.

"Shall us begin now?" said he. "You and me—we'll do it proper this time."

"Begin courting?" she said innocently.

"Yes; we'll play the game right. 'Here's a Fine Thing and a very Fine Thing—that's you, my dear—' now what's the owner of this Fine Thing to do? The owner—that's me—why—this—"

He accompanied the word with appropriate action.

"For shame!" cried she in a tone which nevertheless was not displeased, "you've begun at the wrong end, after all."

"Not at all," he retorted, "'tis the proper way to start a courtship. I'll tell ye summat, Ruby, my maid. We'll have the banns put up on Sunday."

THE END.



A FRIEND OF WILD BIRDS: A FAMOUS FRENCH TAMER OF SPARROWS.

M. Henry Pol has fed the sparrows and wild pigeons of the Tuileries Gardens daily for fifteen years, and the birds are now so tame that they answer to their names, take crumbs from their trainer's lips, and perform many tricks at the word of command. Large crowds gather round M. Pol daily.



THE PORT SUNLIGHT VILLAGE CHOIR AT THE QUEEN'S HALL, JULY 2.

DRAWN BY W. RUSSELL FLINT.

A REVIEWER'S MISCELLANY.

The Poems of Algernon Charles Swinburne: Vol. I.—Poems and Ballads. First Series. (London: Chatto and Windus. 36s. set of six volumes.)
The Ragged Messenger. By W. H. Maxwell. (London: Grant Richards. 6s.)
The Great Frenchman and the Little Genevese. By Lady Seymour. (London: Duckworth. 7s. 6d.)
The Devotees. By O. Shakespear. (London: Heinemann. 6s.)
Christopher Marlowe and His Associates. By John H. Ingram. (London: Grant Richards. 12s. 6d.)
The Great Proconsul: The Memoirs of Mrs. Hester Ward, formerly in the Family of the Hon. Warren Hastings, Esq., late Governor-General of India. Edited by Sydney C. Grier. (Edinburgh and London: Blackwood. 6s.)

The new edition of Swinburne will form, when completed, a literary landmark, were it only for the brief dedicatory disquisition which, in the form of a letter to his friend Mr. Watts-Dunton, Mr. Swinburne has prefixed to the first volume. The poet on his own works may not write the best criticism, but he is almost sure to be suggestive, and this Mr. Swinburne certainly is. With a light hand he touches on the criticisms of his earliest work, and recalls with infinite good-humour how his studies of passion or sensation were regarded as either confessions of positive fact or excursions of absolute fancy. In nearly every case the critics were out; they discerned that the imaginative pieces were transcripts from life and *vice-versa*. Of his plays the best thing he says is that he writes drama for antiquity, with a view to its being acted at the Globe, the Red Bull, or the Black Friars. To those who have not already found this out for themselves the footnote must be illuminating. On lyric poetry his deliverance is delightfully refreshing in its defence of the necessity of form, of the Greek form in particular. "Law," he says, "not lawlessness, is the natural condition of poetic life." Yet the lyric poet, while faithful to form, must avoid "the criminal risk and the capital offence of formality." This just enthusiasm for the laws of verse is a gospel that we commend to worshippers of formless and void "Celtic spontaneity," so called. From the humble pedant of criticism they will have none of it; from Swinburne, most law-abiding yet most spontaneous of poets, they may perchance endure it, and realise, though late, the value of the rule in poetic composition.

In deciding to treat a subject akin to that of "Resurrection" Mr. W. B. Maxwell must be judged vastly daring, but he is also vastly skilful. His material is Tolstoyan, but it is handled without the Tolstoyan coarseness of simplicity that is often as offensive as it is unfortunately true. In a word, Mr. Maxwell prefers to wear the frock-coat rather than the smock. Were it otherwise his story would lack its chief attribute, delicacy of treatment. It must not be inferred, however, that it is wanting in power either of thought or of expression. Nothing could be further from the case; it is only the wanton insistence on minute detail where minute detail is likely to offend, that is absent. Given a practical fanatic in the shape of a militant Christian, an East-End clergyman, who, when he becomes suddenly rich, rejoices not for his own sake, but for the sake of the good his money can do; given that, needing a help-mate, he marries a waif on the strength of a saintly face and a pitiful story; given that that wife, speedily wearying of her husband's excessive thrift so far as he and she are concerned, turns for illicit sympathy to one of his secretaries—and you have the elements of a great tragedy. Add that the "Ragged Messenger's" chief scheme is the foundation and endowment of a rescue-home, "The House of the Woman of Samaria," and that it is to this that the erring wife drifts—and it is complete. Such a scheme is fruitful of possibilities and of pitfalls, and it is to Mr. Maxwell's lasting credit that he has seized every opportunity and escaped every trap, never permitting himself a false word or a false thought. The treatment of his story as a whole is admirable; many times masterly. Nothing could be more artistically done, nothing recorded with more commendable restraint, than the scenes in which the "Mad Messiah" is goaded into testing the fidelity of his wife, and finds her false; nothing truer than his cursing of the gold for which he fears he is alone worshipped, or the passion for a life-work that shuts out all else; nothing more pathetic than the "Ragged Messenger's" disillusionment; nothing more tragic than his end. Mr. Maxwell has earned the right to rank among the foremost writers of the day—a commonplace compliment seldom so well deserved.

In a handsome book, embellished with eight portraits, Lady Seymour resuscitates the remarkable Genevese, Etienne Dumont, whose "Souvenir sur Mirabeau" is far the most illuminating and remarkable contribution to the history of that wonderful Frenchman. By an extraordinary oversight on the part of generations of scribes, the book has never been translated, and all students of French history will now owe Lady Seymour a debt for having put this delightful and half-forgotten volume into English. Mirabeau's Boswell was himself a most remarkable man. Intimate in youth with Sir Samuel Romilly, and later for a certain period forming one of the brilliant world which gathered about the then Lord Lansdowne, at Lansdowne House he met on familiar terms Lord Holland, Fox, Sheridan, and Brougham. From this cultivated circle Dumont went to Paris (in 1788), seething with revolution, there to come across the man who produced on him so amazing and so permanent an impression. Carlyle, while making great use of Dumont's "Souvenir sur Mirabeau," was never fair to him, and it was he who invented the ingenious phrase which has provided Lady Seymour with a title. As a fact, however, "the great Frenchman" owed not a little to "the little Genevese," and Macaulay has left a far more honest and truthful picture of the remarkable man than has Carlyle. "In the prime of manhood, at the very time of life at which ambitious men are most ambitious, he was not solicitous to proclaim that he furnished information," arguments, and eloquence to Mirabeau." Dumont left many other imperishable portraits besides that of his hero, particularly remarkable being his analysis of

Talleyrand, and also of that craven prince, Egalité. Most English readers will turn with especial interest to that chapter entitled "In London," but M. Dumont has left no record of his early association with Lansdowne House. He is at his best when dealing with the Revolution, and with the men who brought about that great upheaval.

"The Devotees" is the story of a beautiful woman whose passion for being loved seems to have passed all reasonable limits; but Miss Shakespear is less concerned with the consequences to her heroine than with the reaction upon those near to her, particularly her son Tony. But although this is the case, and in spite of the fact that great plainness of speech is sometimes permitted, the book should not be hastily set down as sordid, for simultaneously with the development of Mrs. Atherton's fatal passion we watch the growth of a singularly pure and unselfish love. We think that Miss Shakespear shows great skill in her treatment of the unusually tender ties which existed between Tony and his mother in the former's childhood, and especially is this the case in the passages which show how the fine instinct of the child divined the nameless danger which threatened his mother. Naturally enough, Miss Shakespear's difficulties increase as the story advances, and towards the close one's interest slackens perceptibly. The devotees are Tony, and Marie Libanoff, who loves him, and who is also the heroine's stepdaughter. Their devotion to Tony's mother, who is now Princess Libanoff, for a time threatens their own happiness; and we are relieved when the Princess takes matters into her own hands and frees her victims in a manner not to be recorded in this place.

Without adding much to our knowledge of Marlowe, Mr. J. H. Ingram has written a very pleasant volume. He dismisses with contempt the odium which attached for a long period to the poet's personal character. Marlowe was stigmatised in his own day as an "Atheist," which signified merely that he took very independent views of some theological propositions. It was the unfortunate practice of theologians for centuries to treat as irredeemably bad any writer who strayed even by a hair's breadth from the straight path of orthodoxy. Marlowe was unorthodox in the extreme. His Mephistopheles in "Faustus" declared that hell was not a place, but a frame of mind—a doctrine much in advance of Elizabethan divines. It became a pious duty to blacken his memory after his death, and as the manner of his dying was not creditable, the task was comparatively easy. Marlowe was killed in a drunken brawl, and although Mr. Ingram makes as little as possible of the incident, it was eminently fitted to cause a scandal. But what does this matter now? Marlowe lives by his undoubted genius; still more by his influence upon Shakspeare. He was the first master of blank verse; and his inspiration for its supreme master would be evident if he had never written more than the glorious passage beginning—

Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships,
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?

Mr. Ingram has the ingenious notion that Shakspeare and Marlowe wrote much of "King Henry VI." together, and combated each other's views in alternate speeches. Unluckily the speeches quoted are not good enough to make this theory impressive. "King Henry VI." is sad rant whoever wrote it. Marlowe's "Tamburlain" was wonderful for a youth of three-and-twenty; but most of it is bombast, and Mr. Ingram neglects to note that Shakspeare burlesqued it in the swaggering diction of Ancient Pistol. Marlowe was magnificent by fits and starts; and at his best he serves but as a foil to the overwhelming might of his great contemporary. Mr. Ingram, however, has made out an excellent case for him, and has collected much interesting matter of the period.

If the "ordinary novel-reader" to whom Miss Grier directs a frank note of warning takes her advice and passes by her new book, he will miss something to his advantage. "The Great Proconsul" is a really interesting experiment—the imaginary journal of a fictitious figure living in close contact with historic characters—and we find it more satisfactory fiction than either of the author's previous Indian historical novels. ("Indian historical novel," we fear, is a label that will deter many readers.) Miss Grier's first essay in this genre was so careful a piece of work, so close an imitation of seventeenth-century writing, that "In Furthest Ind" was believed by at least one critic to be a genuine memoir. The present volume also has an amazing *vraisemblance*. Mrs. Ward writes very much as Fanny Burney might have written had fortune confronted her with Warren Hastings at Calcutta instead of in Westminster Hall. The story is most closely founded on documents—some of them decidedly out-of-the-way documents—and reveals a wonderfully close acquaintance with contemporary Bengal. There are two small errors—Hyder Ali is in one place called "Soubah of the Deccan," though Miss Grier elsewhere shows that this was a slip of the pen; and Warren Hastings is made Governor-General of India, whereas he was officially Governor-General of Fort William, in Bengal—as, of course, the author knows. Still, a good many people have slaked their thirst for fiction about Warren Hastings by reading Macaulay's famous essay, and Miss Grier's superior accuracy is not enough by itself to allure them. To such we can say that the book is a clever study of an extraordinary man placed in the midst of exciting events. If everything Indian bores them, it is not for them. Its story begins after the Rohilla and Nuncomar incidents, but covers some eight years of Hastings' career, and contains a scathing portrait of Sir Philip Francis. Mrs. Hastings, a woman of strong character, is represented with great skill. But the portrait of the Governor-General is not quite satisfactory, though it is fair to remember that it is supposed to be drawn by a member of his household under a strong sense of gratitude. It is hard to think the real man so unsuspicious of his bitter enemies—so unworldly, in a word. Essentially, however, the picture is faithful.

GEORGE FREDERICK WATTS, R.A.

By the death of George Frederick Watts the Royal Academy is deprived of its most picturesque figure, English art of its most renowned contemporary exponent, and the country of a citizen whose character and aims adorn its annals.

Born in London in 1817, the future painter had not a very placid youth; but he was still young when his career was decided according to his tastes, and in 1837, the year of Queen Victoria's accession, when he was twenty, he made his first appearance at the Royal Academy. That wounded bird contained no promise of the flights which its painter was to make. Portraits followed portraits, also historical pictures. At Westminster Hall in 1843 his "Caractacus led in Triumph through the Streets of Rome" obtained a £300 prize. A little later he won a £500 prize; and the Commissioners bought his "Alfred Inciting the Saxons to Prevent the Landing of the Danes," now to be seen in one of the Committee Rooms. A spell of Italy, when Mr. Watts lived in the family of Lord Holland, our Minister there, changed the spirit of his dream. A portrait of Lady Holland, exhibited in the Academy in 1848, declared the change. Holland House secured some of his best pictures; and it was the friendship of Lord Holland which suggested to the painter his own place of residence close to Holland House—the "Little Holland House" that was to become, in its way, as famous as its great neighbour.

Beautiful and moving as are the allegories of Watts at their best—the Michaelangelesque "Love and Death," for instance; the "Love and Life," that stirred, by no fault of the artist's, other passions than noble ones when it went to Washington and the White House; and the "Time, Death, and Judgment," which has taken its place in the religion as well as in the art of the nation by being hung in the cathedral of St. Paul—it will not be by these, nor yet by that sculpture which has perhaps its most perfect presentiment in the "Clytie," and to which so high an authority as Mr. Gilbert once went out of his way to extol, that Watts will be most admirably remembered in the generations yet to be. His portraits are his passports to posterity; and his generosity has co-operated with his genius to complete the boon; for, by his own gift, the public galleries are already the owners of a glorious series of his works. The painter smilingly faced the fact that parsimony and misappreciation might otherwise deprive the public of what at least a discerning portion of them would prize—he painted and he gave what he painted with a single mind, hoping many things, but demanding none. "He that observeth the wind shall not sow, and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap." That was one of his favourite texts; and it was in daily illustration in his studio. He ignored buyers and critics, and he painted as he pleased.

The set of more than twenty portraits which Watts presented to the National Portrait Gallery may be taken as typical of his life-work in this department of his art. They cover a long space, and they catch all his moods. True, they are male portraits, but Mr. Watts did not depend, as some other artists have depended, upon women sitters as principal exemplars of the powers of presenting beauty of colour and grace and form. Those who come after us will look on the men of to-day with wonder, for they will look on them mostly as they have been interpreted by Watts. Did the painter, always generous, invest them with a nobility which was his rather than theirs? The doubter in the dignity of the Victorian era may ask the question; and, to some extent, it may be admitted that Watts, the dreamer, invested others with his dream. He did not hurry through life, and in his studio the busiest of sitters seems to have left all bustle behind him. What Mrs. Browning says of Cowper—that even the women and the men of the world became beside him "true and loving"—has its application to Watts, who brought out the noblest qualities that they enshrined. "Paint me as a jovial modern," Sir Henry Taylor gaily said to him; but that was what Watts could not do; and we get instead in the National Portrait Gallery the author of "Philip van Artevelde" as "a modern Jove"—the phrase which Watts himself coined. Jovial Watts could not be. "A sense of the weariness of the world," he once said, speaking of himself, "and of the suffering and sadness which seem to be inherent in mortal things, has weakened, if not destroyed the joy of life." That note may not be shouted on the housetops or echoed in the newspapers; but posterity will not err if it reads it in the faces of all Watts's sitters—in the men of war and the men of diplomacy, the musicians, the theologians—surely they most of all—in the men of science, of poetry, of pleasure; in the Carlyle and the Manning; the Tennyson, the Shaftesbury, even the Sherbrooke; in the Lawrence, the Stuart Mill, the Browning, the Hallé, the Layard, and the Lytton. Watts's temperament enabled him to see this side of their character; his fellow-feeling made him wondrously alert to it; but he only interpreted, he did not invent. For the moment we have spoken only of the handful of the portraits that the nation owns. But it is true of a hundred others elsewhere, that of "the good Lord Shrewsbury" in particular, among earlier works; and, among later, those of Meredith, of Leighton, and of Mr. Wilfrid Blunt.

As a painter of beauty, Watts is seen at his highest in the "Diana and Endymion"—that moonbeam figure descending on the shepherd, which is one of the glories of Sir Charles Tennant's collection; also in the "Paolo and Francesca," an immortal picture if ever Englishman painted one; in the lovely "Bianca," and in the "Eve Repentant." In some of these the beauty reaches that point at which it is overpowering in its pathos. When, seven or eight years ago, a collection of one hundred and fifty of the artist's works was brought together at the New Gallery, he himself contributed a Preface, from which one passage may now be fitly extracted—"In the several subjects relating to death, the object has been to divest the inevitable of its terrors; the power has always been depicted as impersonal, and rather as a friend than as an enemy." W. M.

THE WRESTLING CRAZE: THE GREAT MATCH AT THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL, JULY 2.

SKETCHES BY PERCY F. S. SPENCE.



ENCOUNTERS AND FALLS.

Hackenschmidt, champion of Europe, met Jenkins, the American champion, and beat him after two bouts, the first lasting twenty minutes thirty-seven seconds. In other encounters the Englishman, Tom Cannon, was beaten by Madrali in catch-as-catch-can; and the agile little Japanese champion, Yukio Tani, defeated three English wrestlers within fifteen minutes.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE PHYSICAL EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

Of late days there has been strongly exhibited in our midst a tendency to cause the State to intervene in matters which hitherto have been regarded as existing within the sphere of individual attention, or, at the most, within that of Boards, Corporations, and similar bodies. I refer to such subjects as the physical deterioration of the people, and especially the care of children, from the physiological and sanitary standpoint.

It would, in truth, be a very different world from that we know, if as individuals we were all concerned practically regarding our health. We should then be careful over many things, including the arrest and prevention of disease, and the consequent diminution of pain, misery, and risk of death, along with the prospect, as a reward, of length of days. Intemperance could be combated and modified, and our physical retrogression exchanged for a state of advance towards building up a nation of healthy and efficient units. I do not suppose there is any panacea to be found for our physical ills, but the nearest approach to a specific, I am convinced, would be represented by such a public education in health science and in the practice of its laws as I have outlined.

The cry of the children is more bitter still. Here we have irresponsible units which have to be guided in the way they should go. Obviously, the parents, or those who represent them, are to be naturally regarded as the guardians of the young. They are bound to feed, clothe, and educate them, and to start them in life. Now it is precisely these duties, devolving upon parents by nature, which, in a vast majority of cases, are not discharged at all. Let us leave out the question of education entirely, and assume that we must have a law-controlled national system of instruction fitting the boy and girl for the work of after-life. Education is too big an affair to be managed on the lines of private enterprise. This is where the State fathers the children intellectually, and it is well that it should be so. But there lie apart from teaching organisation duties which are specially parental in character, and such as concern chiefly the physical welfare of the child. It is these duties which to-day are avoided and neglected by the masses, greatly to the mishap of the children they own.

In the first place, the child must be well fed. He demands food not merely to repair the wastes of life, but to afford material for body-building also. His nutritive income, relatively to his weight, is therefore bigger than that represented in the adult. The latter has built up his frame, and has mostly to provide for his physical wear and tear alone. Now it is precisely this question of feeding which forms one of the sore points of reformers. The children of the masses are often badly fed, and many are not fed by their parents at all. Kind men and women in big towns have to organise half-penny breakfasts and dinners for schoolchildren, so that, fed first, their brains may have a chance of appreciating the instruction of the school. All this is charity, pure undiluted charity; but, all the same, it is relieving the parents, often drunken and debauched, of the task of providing for their offspring. When I find a small crowd of city children playing cards in my hotel porch at half-past eleven on a cold night, I ask myself who and where are the parents? Where are the police? And if the police cannot interfere to prevent this manufacture of criminals, why does Government not give the police ample powers? I would hunt up every man and woman owning children, ascertain their history, help them if they deserved help, and compel them to work in prison (or out of it) for the support of their children. In this way the dissolute, drunken parent who squanders his money at the public-house would be forced to do what society requires of him.

The effects of paternal neglect are very far-reaching. Note what results if children are neglected, as thousands are to-day. We find maimed bodies, imperfectly developed bodies, frames that develop rickets, eyes that are defective, ears that, neglected, are useless for hearing, twisted spines, and other physical defects, the greater proportion of which could be prevented by the exercise of ordinary parental care. Now steps in the State once more with another Commission on physical education for the young. This is wisdom enough, and its recommendations regarding systematic drill and exercises in the schools are perfectly practicable and rational. Are we not, however, as a nation here exemplifying the adage which makes clear the futility of bolting the stable-door after the horse has disappeared? Put in a rougher but telling fashion, the case is that we have got hold of "the wrong end of the stick." We proceed to remedy defects by physical education, but we do nothing (or very little) to prevent such defects.

To-day we expect the teacher to act as a kind of sanitary inspector, in addition to performing all his other multifarious duties. He already represents the camel whose back is awaiting the last straw. Already he bears the penultimate one. He has to work on material which includes defective organs of sight and hearing and deformed bodies at large. What a waste of educational power is here represented even the man in the street may realise. We must stop the supply of such defective units by looking, not after the children, but instituting compulsory education in their duties for the parents. Physical education in schools, all the same, is an excellent thing. It should form part and parcel of every system of education—public and private alike. The growing body requires graduated exercise to develop bone and muscle, and children take very heartily to the school training, made, as it is, attractive and pleasant. But to expect to attain good results from physical education with bodies that are already decadent is an act of supreme mental folly. We want a league to teach many parents their duties, aided if necessary by the police. ANDREW WILSON.

CHESS.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 3129 to 3131 received from Banarsi Das (Moradabad); of No. 3135 from Robert H. Hixon (New York City); of No. 3136 from D. B. R. (Oban), C. Field Junior (Athol, Mass.), and Robert H. Hixon; of No. 3137 from R. F. H. Edwards (Sydenham), Rifleman, Inns of Court, and Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth); of No. 3138 from Clement C. Danby, George Fisher (Belfast), John Drevon (Birmingham), D. B. R. (Oban), Inns of Court, F. B. Watton (Edgbaston), Captain J. A. Challice, A. G. Panceova, R. C. Thornton (Nottingham), Thomas Charlton (Clapham Park), J. and H. Jones (Salford), Eugene Henry (Lewisham), and J. D. Tucker (Ilkley).

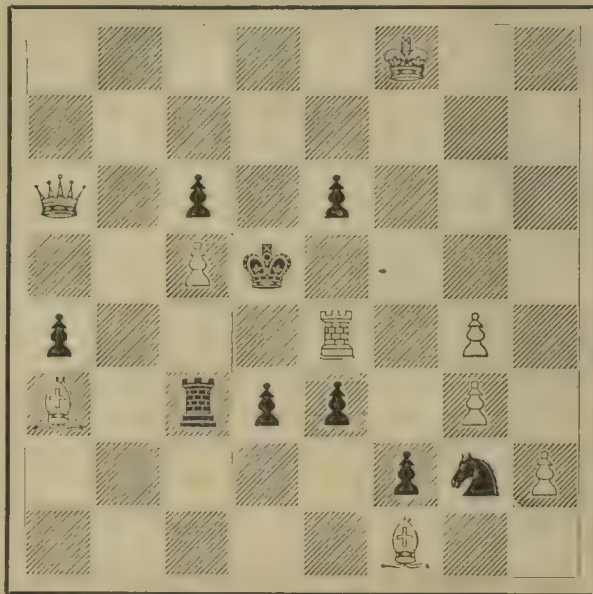
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3139 received from Charles Burnett, Rev. A. Mays (Bedford), F. Henderson (Leeds), L. Desanges, E. G. Rodway (Trowbridge), Eugene Henry, A. Groves (Brighton), Clement C. Danby, Thomas Charlton, George Fisher, F. A. Coles (Swanscombe), J. D. Tucker, J. F. Phillips (Liverpool), George Stillingfleet Johnson (Colham), Sorrento, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), A. S. Brown (Paisley), Philip Daly (Brighton), A. F. Green (Dulwich), C. E. Perugini, T. Roberts, B. Cafferata, F. Shirapuri (Coventry), Fire Plug, H. S. Brandreth, Reginald Gordon, W. A. Barnard (Uppingham), Julia Short (Exeter), Martin F. Albert Wolff (Putney), E. J. Winter-wood, R. C. L. (Oxford), F. R. Pickering (Forest Hill), Thomas Wetherall (Manchester), Valentin Oppermann (Marselles), Doryman, A. Walpole (Clifton), J. W. (Campsie), Shadforth, Hereward, R. G. Gillot, and R. Worters (Canterbury).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3138.—By R. ST. G. BURKE.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to Q B 4th Any move
2. Q or R mates

PROBLEM No. 3141.—By P. H. WILLIAMS.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played between a well-known AMATEUR and Mr. P. H. WILLIAMS, the latter receiving odds of Pawn and move. (Remove Black's K B P.)

WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Amateur)	WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Amateur)
1. P to K 4th	Kt to Q B 3rd	17. R takes B	Q R to Q sq (ch)
2. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	18. R to Q 4th	R takes R (ch)
3. B to Q Kt 5th	P to Q R 3rd	19. Kt takes R	Kt takes P (ch)
4. Q to R 5th (ch)	P to Kt 3rd	20. K to K 2nd	Kt to K 5th
5. Q to K 5th	Kt to B 3rd		
6. B takes Kt (ch)	P takes B		
7. Kt to Q B 3rd	B to K Kt 2nd		
8. B to Kt 5th	Castles		
9. Kt to B 3rd	P takes P		
10. Kt takes P	Kt to Kt 5th		
11. Q to Kt 3rd			

Q takes P would obviously result in the loss of a piece.
The fine attack which arises from this move prevents the suspicion that it was an oversight, but the combination is a deep one, and ought to have resulted in a smart win.

12. Castles Q R	Q to Q 4th	27. Kt to K 6th (dis ch)	K takes B
13. R takes B	Q takes P	28. Kt to K 6th (dis ch)	K to B 2nd
14. K to Q sq	B to B 4th	29. Kt to Kt 5th (ch)	K to Kt sq
15. P to R 3rd	Q to Kt 8th (ch)	30. Kt takes Q	Kt takes Q
16. B to B sq	B takes Kt	31. Kt takes Kt	K to B 2nd
		32. Kt to K 4th	Resigns.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played at Cambridge Springs between Messrs. TEICHMANN and Fox. (Queen's Pawn Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (Mr. F.)	WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (Mr. F.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	21. Q to K 2nd	Q to K 2nd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	22. Q to K 2nd	P to K B 3rd
3. P to K 3rd	P to K 3rd	23. Kt takes P	B takes P
4. B to Q 3rd	P to Q B 4th	24. Kt to K 3rd	Q to K 6th
5. P to Q Kt 3rd	P to Kt 3rd		
6. B to Kt 2nd	P takes P		
7. P takes P	B to Q 3rd		
8. Q Kt to Q 2nd	Castles		
9. Kt to K 5th	B to B 2nd		
10. P to K B 4th	Kt to Q Kt 5th		
11. Castles	Kt takes B		
12. Kt takes Kt	Kt to K 5th		
13. P to Q B 4th	Kt takes Kt		
14. Q takes Kt	P takes P		

After an excellent opening Black is now a Pawn to the good with a fine position.

15. Q R to B sq	P to Q Kt 4th	25. B to Q 2nd	B takes Kt (ch)
16. P takes P	P takes P	26. Q takes B	Q takes Q (ch)
17. Kt to K 5th	B to R 3rd	27. R takes Q	R to Kt 7th
18. K R to B 3rd	Q R to Kt sq		
19. B to B 3rd	B to Kt 2nd		
20. R to R 3rd	B to Q 4th		
21. Q to K sq			

For the purpose of a counter-attack by Q to R 4th.

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MASSENET: HIS PLACE IN ENGLAND.

The production at Covent Garden of M. Massenet's "Salomé," one of the best-discussed operas of recent years, affords fitting occasion for a brief review of so much of the composer's work as has been seen in England, and for an attempt, however brief and incomplete, to estimate the position he has secured here. M. Massenet is now sixty years old, and thirty years have passed since an opera from his pen was heard in London for the first time. This of course was "Le Roi de Lahore," which met with little or no success. Following, *longo intervallo*, came "Werther," produced by the late Sir Augustus Harris at the earnest request of M. Jean de Reszke. There is a story in opera-land that the impresario, who felt assured that the production would not prove an attraction, sent for his famous tenor on the evening of the production and showed him the box-office sheet. This was hardly a wise proceeding, for the bulk of the work fell upon the singer whose judgment was held in fault before the curtain rose. "Werther" failed completely, not on its merits or demerits, but because the opera-going public, though very quick to demand novelties, is exceedingly slow to accept them. But Sir Augustus Harris recognised Massenet's many gifts, and bought the English rights of "Manon," surely as delightful a work as any modern composer can claim. The opera was beautifully mounted, and perfectly sung, but, whether produced by the late impresario or the present syndicate, it has quite failed to secure an English welcome; and while it may be heard throughout the year in France, Germany, and Italy, the Covent Garden authorities, with the facts of the case before them, dare not mount it again.

"La Navarraise," revived this season after the lapse of some years, can hardly be judged fairly, because it does not fill an evening bill. It is no more than one of two, or even three, items on the programme.

In treating "Salomé" for the London stage, Jerusalem and Herod disappear. So far as the story might offend the susceptibilities of the Censor, it has been modified; but the music, of course, remains as it was written, and students of Massenet's operas will await anxiously London's verdict upon the composer's latest work.

At the outset one must admit that the mutilation of the composer's story is, in this instance, a serious matter. Massenet is essentially *l'homme de théâtre*; he demands a dramatic story, for nothing less is suited to the genius of his music. The force, vigour, and intensity of his work are associated with stirring action and flow of passion, and the Censor cannot escape responsibility if the music, divorced from its original associations, does not move triumphantly along. It is unfortunate that the "Herodiade," as originally conceived, violated the first law of British censorship by telling the story of Salomé's love for John the Baptist, and the resultant tragedy.

Contemplating three failures and one piece that hangs in the balance between failure and success, lovers of Massenet's music might well be excused for fearing that, whether "Salomé" pleases or fails to please, the composer's position in England is not secure. But the most of them have no such fear. The whole history of opera shows that failure often paves the way to success; that the attitude of one generation does not bind the next. In estimating Massenet's place, then, it is essential to consider his music on its merits, and his operas as dramatic musical compositions expressing passions that are as old as the human race. Regarded in this light, it is not unreasonable to rank Massenet's music with that of his more popular countryman Gounod, and to predict for "Manon" at least some such popularity in the future as "Faust" and "Roméo et Juliette" enjoy to-day. For Massenet's music is full of splendid melody and dramatic fervour; the musician has the soul of a poet and the heart of a young man, and he adds to his gifts an originality that gives his every score distinction. He has not been enveloped in the mantle of other masters; he does not surrender to any influence of the hour or year, and moves completely independent of the work going on around him. Then, again, he is a brilliant master of orchestration, and secures for all his operas the finest interpretation that the modern orchestra can yield. He takes a place quite apart from most of his contemporaries, and is more likely to found a school than to follow a tradition. There is no suggestion in his music that he has become tired or even academic in the bad sense of the term. His latest opera has qualities of freshness and virility that spring from the heart and brain, rather than the brain alone.

Comparisons are invidious, but one has not to go far to find scores by living men that have all the wisdom of the musical schools and no touch of the gifts that a musician must bring to school if he is to write for the world-wide audience for which opera is as a universal language. This personal gift, elusive, hard to realise and difficult to define, connects all great composers of opera: it is heard in Gluck's "Orfeo," in Massenet's "Manon," and all the noteworthy music of the intervening years.

There is another point, and an important one, that enters into the consideration of M. Massenet's position. He has many years of activity before him, and it may well be that we shall have other scores in which his many gifts and graces will be revealed again, mellowed by the long years of experience. "Salomé" is the work of recent times, and is written throughout in the highest spirit. The fancy does not tire, the dramatic sense is not blunted, the melody is not forced or commonplace. The abiding note of tragedy is to be heard here, as in most of M. Massenet's works, and it may well be that the tragic note is a little painful to people who care for tragedy only when it borders upon the domain of farce, as it does in so many of the best-beloved works of the Italian school, where mortal wounds hardly suffice to diminish a tenor's capacity. But the acceptance of the poor libretti with which Verdi strove cannot last for ever, and when their limitations are realised, the strength and justice of Massenet's attitude will bring much of his music to the front and leave it there—until a new convention arises.

PRAYER FOR A WOUNDED SOLDIER: A PICTURESQUE JAPANESE CUSTOM.

DRAWN BY W. RUSSELL FLINT FROM A COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPH BY GRIFFITH AND GRIFFITH, PHILADELPHIA.



A FAIR JAPANESE SUPPLIANT INTERCEDING FOR THE RECOVERY OF A RELATIVE.

The suppliant must be in a white costume, and before making her prayer she must fill the iron pots with water. When the water is hot, she must sprinkle herself with a few drops from each vessel. In modern times, although this rite still lingers, there is more reliance upon surgery than upon superstition.

BLOWING IN THE GATE: SIKH GALLANTRY IN THE TIBETAN CAMPAIGN.

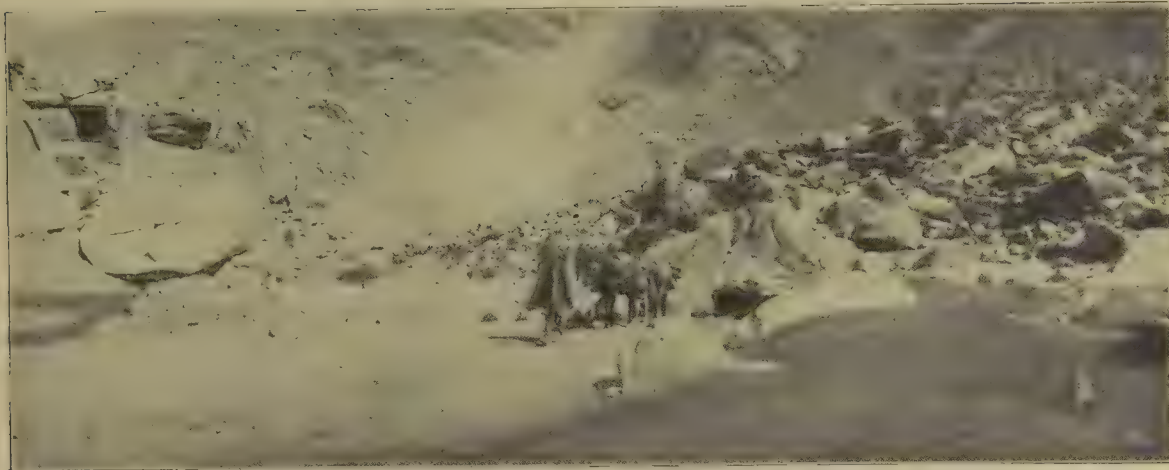
DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOPK FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUTENANT RYBOF, AN OFFICER OF THE EXPEDITION.



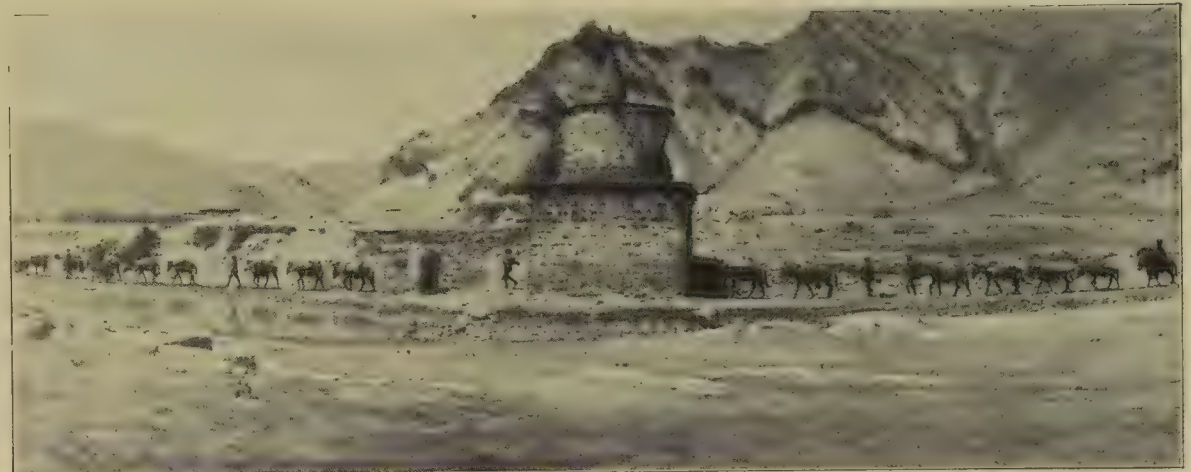
ASSAILING AN OBSTINATE VILLAGE NEAR GYANGTSE: THE 32ND PIONEERS BLOWING IN A GATEWAY.

This village had defied many efforts to take it. Finally, while Gurkhas surrounded the place, a party of Sikhs dashed forward and blew in the door with guncotton. Meanwhile they were being fired at from the houses on both sides. The Lance-Naik (Lance-Corporal) who led the party was promoted to Naik for his bravery, but unfortunately did not live to enjoy his promotion, for he was killed before another village next day.

THROUGH THE GYANGTSE VALLEY: SCENES OF THE BRITISH MISSION'S ADVANCE.



A VALLEY DEFENDED BY THE TIBETANS: THE ENTRANCE TO THE RED GORGE.



MULE-TRANSPORT PASSING THROUGH A COMBINED TOMB AND GATEWAY IN GYANGTSE VALLEY.



IN FEAR OF THE CAMERA: FLIGHT OF MONKS BEFORE A PHOTOGRAPHER AT GYANGTSE MONASTERY.



ENEMIES OF THE MISSION: MONKS IN THE COURTYARD OF THE BIG MONASTERY OPPOSITE THE FORT AT GYANGTSE.



A WAYSIDE KITCHEN IN THE WILDS: MEN OF THE COOLIE CORPS COOKING A MEAL ON THEIR ARRIVAL IN CAMP.



"HANDS UP" BEFORE THE CAMERA: VILLAGERS WHO SOLD FODDER SUBMITTING TO BE PHOTOGRAPHED BUT SCREENING THEIR FACES WITH THEIR HANDS.



AFTER THE THIRD ATTACK

FROM THE PAINTING BY H. W. KOEKKOEK.

Every man who took part in the third attack on Nanshan Hill fell before the Russian fire; and in the lull which preceded the advance of the next Japanese line, the Russians could be seen peering over their earthworks at the scene of awful stillness.

THE DEATH OF THE GREATEST MODERN MASTER: REPRESENTATIVE WORKS OF THE LATE G. F. WATTS.



Photo. Mills.

MR. WATTS AT WORK ON HIS MASTERPIECE, "EVE."



Photo. Donagan.

MR. WATTS IN HIS STUDIO AT BRIGHTON.



Photo. Mills.

MR. WATTS AT WORK ON A STATUE.



Photo. Shawcross.

MR. WATTS'S HOUSE AT LIMNERSLEASE, COMPION, NEAR GUILDFORD.



Photo. Shawcross.

MR. WATTS'S STUDIO AT LIMNERSLEASE.

AN INTERLUDE OF THE KIEL REGATTA: HIS MAJESTY AT THE YACHT CLUB.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG FROM A SKETCH BY NORMAN WILKINSON, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT KIEL.



Marquess of Ormonde.

Prince Henry

The King.

IN SIGHT OF THE COMBINED FLEETS: AN AFTERNOON AT THE IMPERIAL YACHT CLUB, KIEL.

Our Illustration represents an absolutely informal visit which his Majesty paid to the club. With the King were Prince Henry of Prussia and the Marquess of Ormonde. The window at which the party sat commanded a fine view of the combined German and British fleets. The King was full of animation, and seemed to be enjoying his visit thoroughly.

THE KING'S INTEREST IN YACHTS AND MERCHANT-SHIPS AT KIEL AND HAMBURG.

DRAWN BY NORMAN WILKINSON, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT KIEL AND HAMBURG.



HIS MAJESTY'S YACHT, WITH THE KING AND KAISER ON BOARD, FOLLOWING THE RACE FOR THE KING'S CUP.

The King's Cup is the most valuable ever offered for a yacht-race. The trophy is worth two thousand guineas.



KING EDWARD IN A STEAM-PINNACE INSPECTING THE SHIPPING IN HAMBURG HARBOUR.

For fully three-quarters of an hour, during his visit to Hamburg, his Majesty threaded the intricacies of the harbour, of which he made a complete tour.

A BRITISH NAVAL SCHOOL FOR DIVING: SAFETY-TANKS FOR THE EMBRYO DIVER.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CRIBB.



1. DIVERS LOOKING THROUGH THE WINDOWS OF THE SAFETY-TANK AT WHALE ISLAND.

2. A FIRST TRIAL IN THE SEA: THE MISUSE OF A VALVE BRINGS THE DIVER TO THE SURFACE ON HIS BACK.

3. A PUPIL RECEIVING FINAL INSTRUCTIONS BY TELEPHONE BEFORE ENTERING THE TANK.

The chief of the British Naval Schools for the training of divers is at Portsmouth, and it is there that the tank shown above is used. As training in the open sea would be dangerous, the would-be diver receives his first lessons in a large circular steel tank, fitted with glazed portholes through which his movements can be watched by the instructor. The men, who have to undergo a strict medical examination before entering upon the work, are all volunteers. The tank is about thirteen feet high, and about eighteen feet in diameter.

DRYING MILK: AN INGENUOUS METHOD OF PRESERVATION.

Drawings by A. HUGH FISHER.

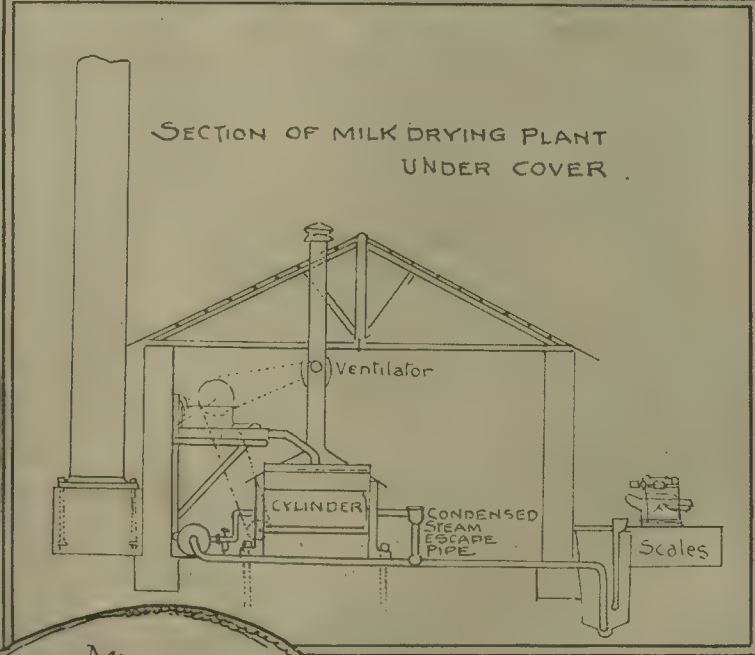
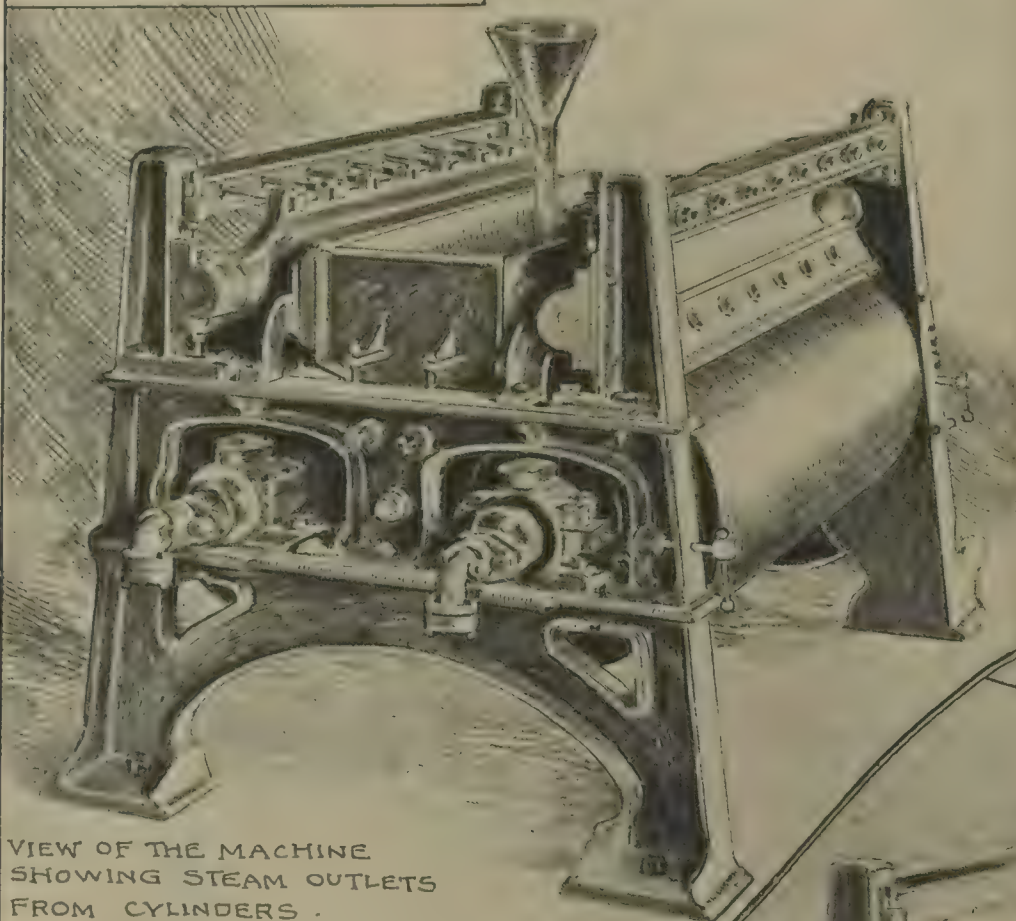
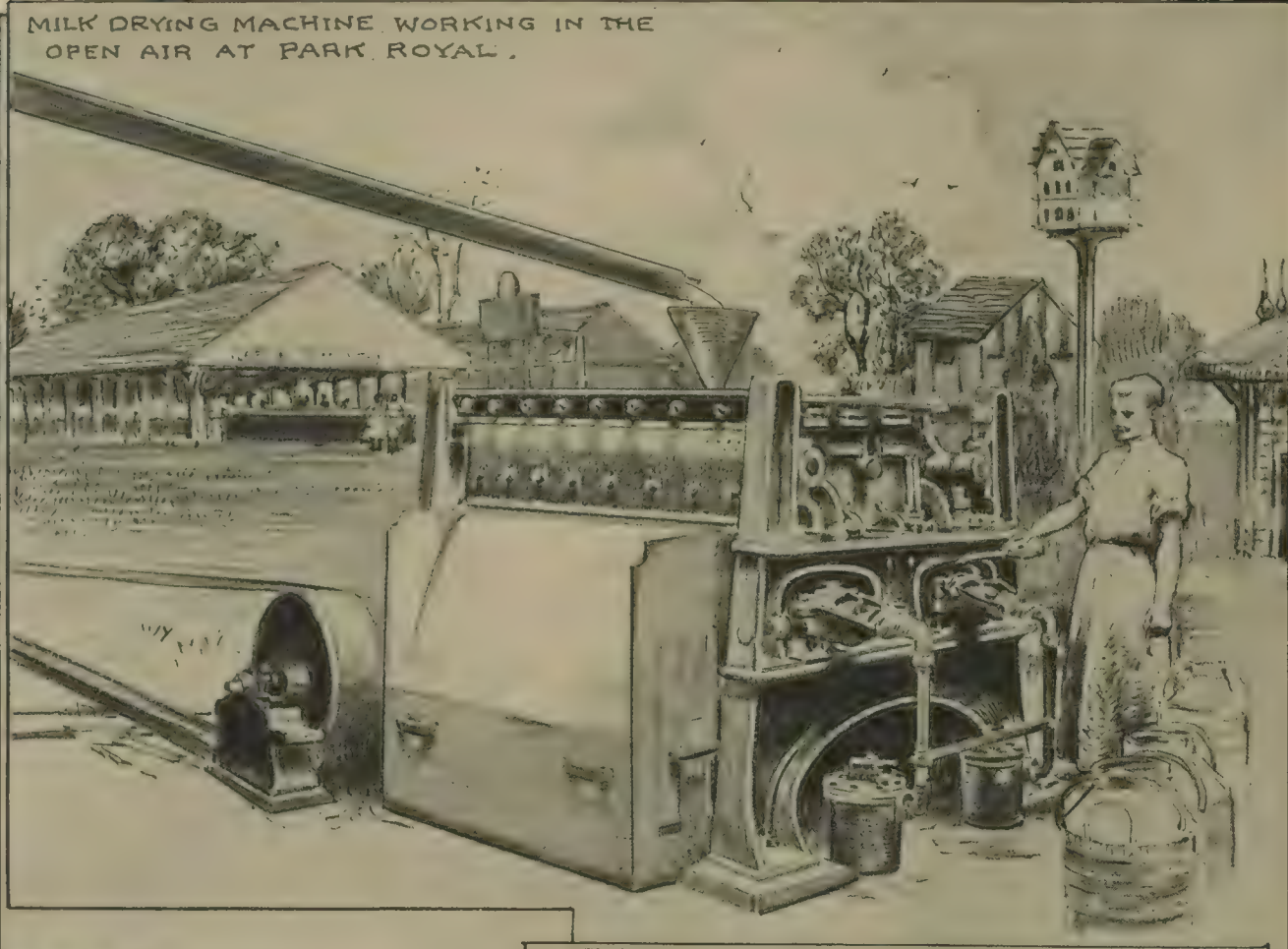
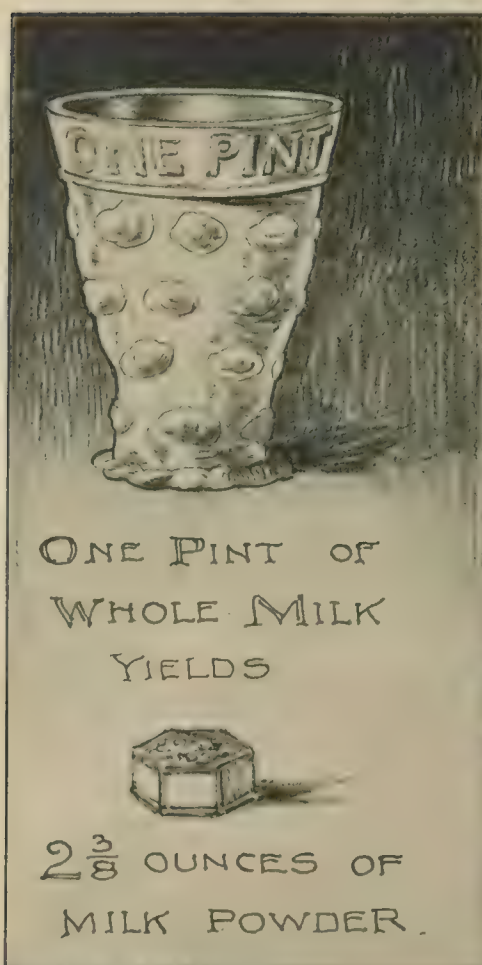
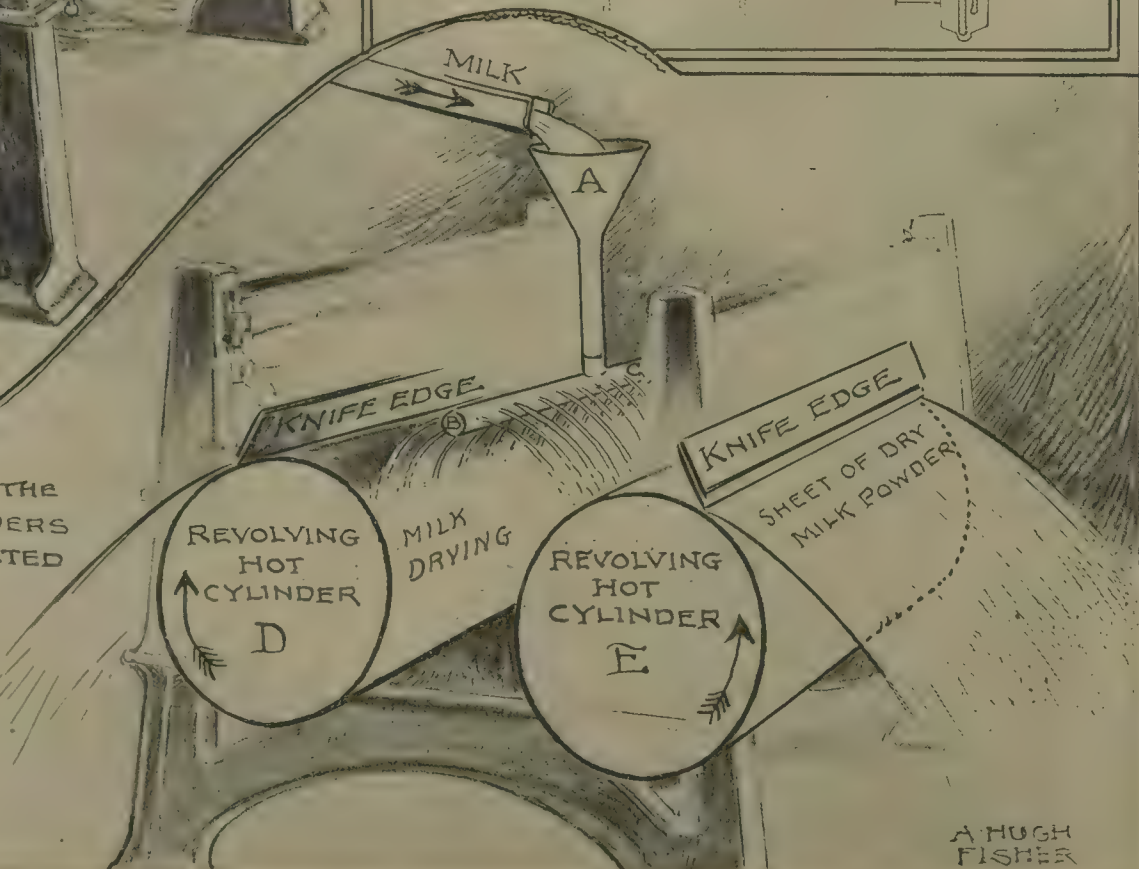


DIAGRAM - THE MILK IS
POURED IN AT A AND SPRAYS FROM THE
PIPE BC UPON THE TWO METAL CYLINDERS
D & E. THESE CYLINDERS ARE HEATED
BY STEAM TO ABOUT 230° F. AND
REVOLVE SLOWLY IN DIRECTION OF
THE ARROWS. THE MILK FROM THE
SPRAYS DRIES IN A THIN UNIFORM
LAYER WHICH IS REMOVED BY
THE KNIFE EDGES WHICH SCRAPE
THE CYLINDERS SENDING OFF THE
POWDER IN A CONTINUOUS SHEET.



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LADIES' PAGE.

George Sand's centenary is about to be celebrated in France with all the ardour that is felt by that artistic nation for its greatest in literature and painting and music. George Sand was as extraordinary as her celebrity is unique among Frenchwomen: does the one fact account for the other? It is certainly remarkable that, with so illustrious an example before them, her countrywomen should since her time

young men or women whom their children have married. It is there quite common and ordinary to see men behaving like sons and women behaving like daughters to their fathers- and mothers-in-law, sharing a home in common, and the whole forming a happy family, the children loving and caring for their elders and the older people helping with their money or personal service in the well-being of the *ménage*. Why do men gird and sneer at their wives' mothers in this country alone—for daughters-in-law are not guilty; it is "my wife's mother" that is the object of such spite?

Madame Sarah Bernhardt, who has been showing London audiences for a week or two past that she yet retains all her youthful power to charm, is deserving of attention when she throws any light on "how she does it." Hygienic dress is certainly one of the ways; she is one of the no-corset brigade, and she has recently addressed the following note to the inventor of Dr. Rasurel's underclothing: "Dear Sir,—Your garments in peat and wool are admirable, especially for travelling wear. I have made constant use of them, and recommend them to all my friends."

A charitable crowd, paying three guineas each, attended the evening fête at Stafford House given on behalf of the Duchess of Sutherland's Home for Crippled Children in the Potteries. Her Grace received, and looked lovely in rose-coloured chiffon embroidered with opalescent sequins and worn over an undergown of mauve chiffon. The illumination of the garden was very pretty. For the charm of an open-air fête, where every tree bears clusters of variegated star-like lights and Chinese lanterns prettily arranged give a larger glow and a more brilliant colouring, the Royal Botanical Gardens Evening Fêtes every Wednesday are unequalled. Those delightful gardens are being much patronised this year for private and public entertainments. The Theatrical Orphanage Fête on the afternoon of Friday, July 8, the day on which most of my readers will see these words, has a remarkably alluring programme, and promises to be delightful, and the admission costs only three shillings, so I hope this will be in time to induce many to attend.

Slowly, as social changes are best brought about, the principle of giving women some of the honours that so freely are scattered about on men is being admitted. Political services, we all know, are often what is really being repaid or recognised when Orders and titles are

distributed to favoured individuals, and such party services women cannot render. But the recently instituted Order of Merit in Art and Literature, the distribution of which the King keeps in his own hands, has already been conferred by his Majesty on Lady Hallé and Madame Melba. Also at the birthday distribution, the new Indian Order was most justly presented to Miss Manning, who has devoted her life to the service of the natives of the

great dependency as hon. sec. of the Indian Association in this country.

London in the central parts has been enlivened lately with the going-about of hundreds of Salvation Army lasses, clad in curious costumes and hailing from every quarter of the globe. The natives of India in their sarrees, the Norwegian girls in daintily laced velvet bodices, the French girls in plain frocks that nevertheless looked graceful upon the trim wearers, were among the most admired of the passer-by. The curious bonnet of the British Salvation lassie does not seem to be worn in any other country. The women for the most part had nice, good, serious, earnest faces, many of them looking exceptionally capable. I feel no doubt that the progress of the Salvation Army has largely depended upon its making full use, on terms of equality

with men, of the powers of its women adherents. Naturally, this gives added earnestness to their efforts, and brings into full bearing a powerful force for religion that the more conservative form of Christian Church organisation represses, uses in only a subordinate position, and accordingly wastes.

To me, as to many other women, nice linen for my home is far more attractive than fine clothes for my own wear, a survival, no doubt, from our ancestresses who spun their own linen, and were proud and fond of



DRESS IN "LA PARISIENNE": AN EVENING GOWN WORN BY MADAME RÉJANE.

This gown is in part white and black chiffon, strewn with a design of pink roses; finished at the hem and neck with black lace. Jewelled embroidery is inserted on the shoulders of the corsage; and the flowing sleeves are caught at the wrist with bands of lace.

have done so little in literature. George Sand in her marriage with M. Dudevant had two children, who were the objects of her maternal solicitude, their father having apparently never exercised any care or thought on their behalf; and the son and daughter repaid her in later life by warm and unquestioning affection, so that she is an instance of a literary woman being a devoted mother. Her son even adopted as his own the name that her pen had made famous, and instead of being known by his paternal name of Dudevant, he was called always M. Maurice Sand. Both her children, with the daughter's husband and the son's wife, resided with George Sand in her old age, and her daughter-in-law kept house and tenderly watched over the comfort of the famous woman. One matter that George Sand required to have attended to scrupulously was her table. She was one of the cases in my mind when I recently remarked here that clever women had usually cared much about the daintiness and nature of their diet. The big, working brain, in clever women as much as in men, naturally requires abundant fuel; and keen senses generally accompany an active intellect; for the ability of the brain to draw to itself a plentiful blood-supply, that largely gives the mental power, also enhances the sensibility of the nervous system as a whole, and therefore of the senses. Mr. Evelyn Jerrold, a frequent visitor to her country home in her old age, wrote of George Sand that "she made a point of dressing handsomely for dinner in honour of her visitors. Nor did she profess any asceticism with regard to culinary matters. She fully bore out the theory that the men who are greatest in the study invariably keep a keen eye upon the kitchen. It was Madame Maurice Sand's daily task to supervise the preparation of the Châtelaine's favourite dishes."

It is interesting, too, to note that George Sand lived in one household with both her daughter-in-law and her son-in-law in perfect amity. There is, so far as I know, however, no other country in the world where this fact would seem so extraordinary as it does to English people. Surely that is a serious reflection on the amiability of our race. Why should we regard as necessarily unhappy a home in which the mother and the husband (or the mother and the wife) can mutually attempt to make happy the one whom they both love? In France, on the contrary, it is extremely frequent to find a happy personal relation between parents and the



DRESS IN "LA PARISIENNE": A WALKING GOWN WORN BY MADAME RÉJANE.

This walking gown is in the new face-cloth of cerise colour, with under-sleeves and vest of cambric plissé.

it accordingly. Messrs. Walpole's sale catalogue is very attractive. They are the oldest firm of linen manufacturers in Ireland, and sell their linens direct from the looms without any intermediate profit. When a further reduction is made, as now, to clear off stocks, the bargains offered are undeniable. The address is 89, New Bond Street, and the sale continues all through July.

Messrs. Liberty's sale is generally a short one, as, many of their goods being of the sort that are always in season, it is not so necessary, as with "season goods" pure and simple, to clear off as much as possible. It commenced on July 4 and ends on July 16 this year. There are reductions in all the departments—the furniture and jewellery as well as the dress materials and made costumes. It is a good opportunity, therefore, to replace the hangings or some articles of household plenishing in the artistic Liberty manufactures, as well as to purchase dress materials or costumes or coats in the distinctive styles and fabrics for which the name of Liberty stands in the language.

A feature of this season's fashions has been the rehabilitation of silk as a fashionable material. Doubtless this results from the reversion of our modes to the 1830 and even to the later eighteenth-century fashions. Those were the days of silk raiment: it was the distinctive fabric of fashion. Muslin, lace, gauze, and such airy fabrics might trim the solid basis of silk, or might construct light gowns for summer and outdoor wear; but a gown of state was synonymous with a silken robe, either plain or brocaded. Indeed, under the Second Empire, a gown that was not of the simplest order was always made of silk, even for country wear. The Empress Eugénie, so history tells, started the fashion of having dainty cloth costumes about 1860, and it seems that they were frowned upon by many as too inelegant for ladies. Black glacé silk was in those days in especial favour, and we see in the fashion-books of the far-away crinoline era that a black silk "polonaise," looped up over a coloured silk petticoat, was considered in the best of taste. But then silk fell from its high estate, largely owing to fraudulent manufacturers, who learned to weight and stiffen thin silks with deleterious chemicals that caused the fabric to split and become useless after once or twice wearing. Now, talk as men may about feminine extravagance, the truth is that the immense majority of women, when they buy a new dress, expect to wear it many times. FILOMENA.



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11 8	11 8	£ 8 0	£ 7 0
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11 8	11 8	£ 8 0	£ 7 0
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11 8	11 8	£ 10 0	£ 8 0
11 8	11 8	£ 10 0	£ 8 0
11 8	11 8	£ 10 0	£ 8 0
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11 8	11 8	£ 10 0	£ 8 0
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11 8	11 8	£ 12 0	£ 10 0
11 8	11 8	£ 12 0	£ 10 0
11 8	11 8	£ 12 0	£ 10 0
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9 10	11 8	£ 12 0	£ 10 0	13 2	11 8	£ 12 0	£ 10 0	16 5	11 8	£ 12 0	£ 10 0

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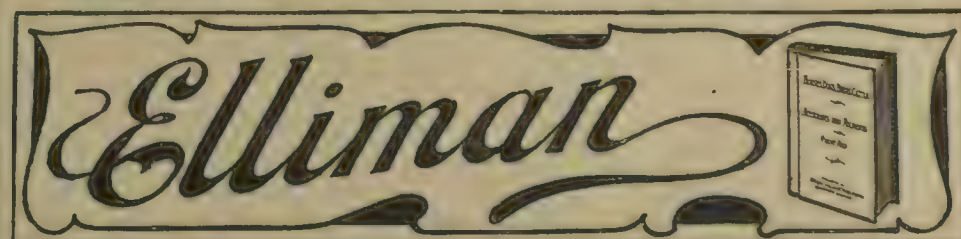
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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Archbishop of Canterbury hopes to leave England towards the end of August for his American tour. He will visit the principal towns of the United States and Canada, and will attend the great Anglican Convention in Boston. He expects to be home before the end of October.

Bishop Gore has made it known that the late Canon Freer was the generous "Ignotus" who endowed the Birmingham Bishopric with £10,000. His spontaneous offer in the *Times* gave the first impetus to the revived project of the Bishopric. Dr. Gore says that Canon Freer's self-effacing modesty was as manifest as his generosity and business-like power.

The report of that generous West London congregation, St. Jude's, South Kensington, shows that the voluntary offerings for the past year reached the great sum of £6600. The Vicar, Prebendary Eardley Wilmott, rejoices over these signs of prosperity. For home mission work alone over £1100 was collected, and for foreign mission work £833.

A debt of more than £8000 still remains upon the Church House, as was pointed out at the annual meeting of the Corporation last week. The Bishop of St. Albans mentioned that part of this debt is covered by a legacy of £5000, but this sum, in his opinion, ought to be kept for further extension. A valuable library, containing about 15,000 books, is now housed on the premises.

Dean Lefroy has been speaking strongly against the social and financial peril associated with the game of bridge. Preaching in Norwich Cathedral, he said this game was far too popular in London

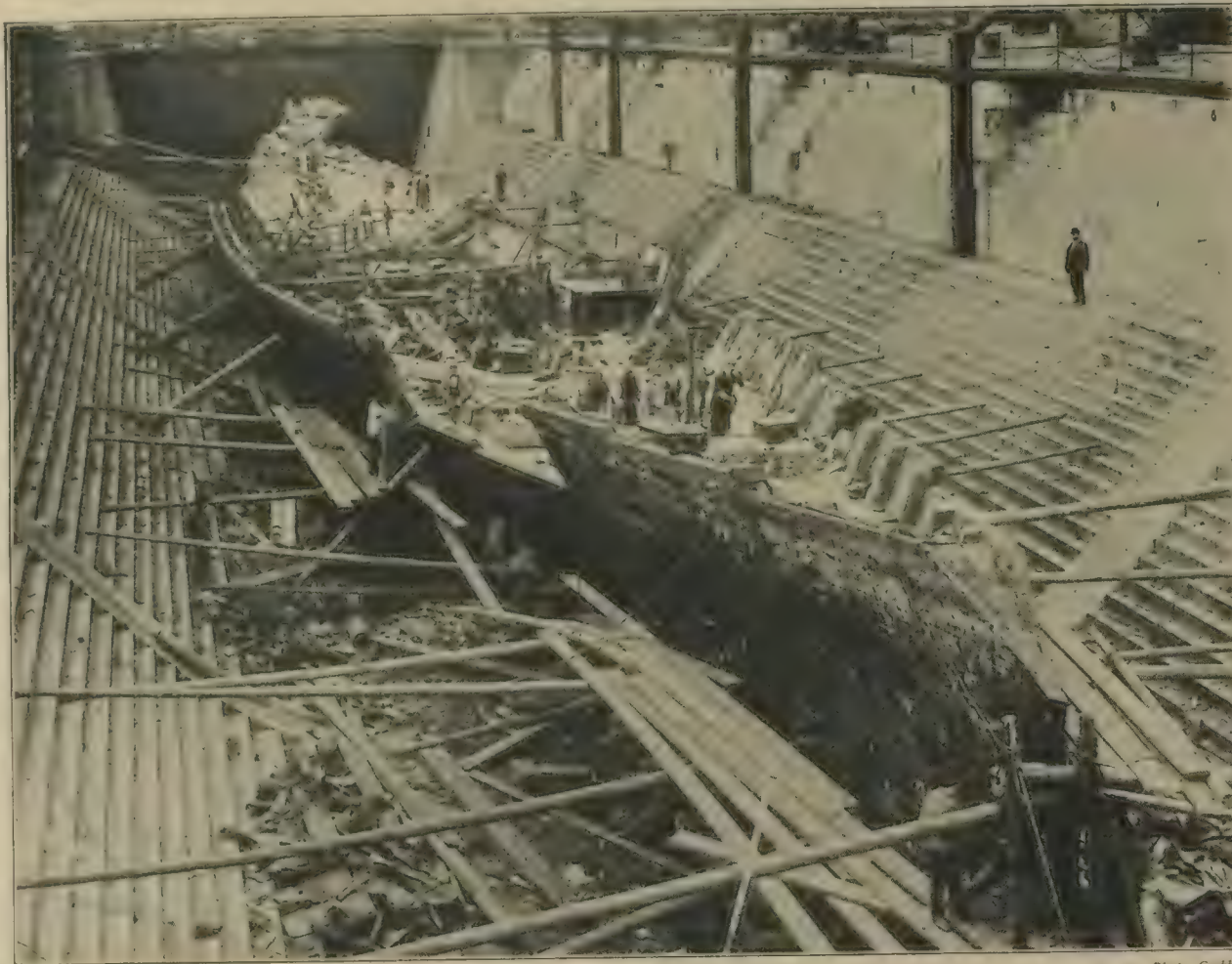
liabilities. The Dean recognises in all this a great moral danger.

Dean Hole has now recovered from his recent serious illness, and has resumed his usual duties. The Bishop of Southwell has also recovered from his severe attack of laryngitis; but the reports of the Bishop of Carlisle's health are still far from satisfactory.

The important living of Holy Trinity, Hull, vacant by the death of the Rev. Dr. Hughes-Games, has been accepted by the Rev. A. B. Lillingston, Vicar of St. Margaret's, Ipswich. Mr. Lillingston was at one time curate to Prebendary Webb-Peploe at St. Paul's, Onslow Square, and in 1895 was appointed Vicar of Christ Church, Blackburn. He is at present in South Africa, taking part in the Mission of Help.

The tramway-men of Kennington have a warm friend in the Rev. John Darlington, Vicar of St. Mark's. He recently entertained a large party of L.C.C. tram-car employees at a garden-party in the Vicarage grounds. The Bishop of Rochester was present, and had a cordial reception.

The *Guardian*, in a leading article, has warmly recognised the good work done by the Salvation Army. "There are no drones in General Booth's hive," it is stated; and the *Guardian* notes several points in which other Churches might take example by this great organisation. In the spirit of generous liberality which animates its members, the Salvation Army sets an example to Christians of every name.



THE LAST OF QUEEN VICTORIA'S FAVOURITE YACHT: THE OLD "VICTORIA AND ALBERT."

The vessel has now been entirely dismantled, and in a very short time all that remains of her will have been used as firewood.

circles. Men and women began to play immediately after dinner, and, in their excitement, ladies, after losing all their money, will part with their diamonds, unless some rich man clears their

points in which other Churches might take example by this great organisation. In the spirit of generous liberality which animates its members, the Salvation Army sets an example to Christians of every name.

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ART NOTES.

An interesting exhibition at the Fine Art Society's is Mr. Talbot Kelly's series of water-colours of Egypt, the Desert, and the Nile. The artist's interest in his subject is faithful and intelligent. If it is rather a tourist's interest than a painter's, we must understand a tourist of education, knowledge, and observation, with a deft command of water-colours. In other words, these are works in which the spirit of the places has been the chief motive. Therefore the fascination of Egyptian light, which, though as local and characteristic as the Pyramids and the sand, cannot bear so distinctive a name, is secondary. Mr. Talbot Kelly shows signs of no inconsiderable power of rendering light, and it is to be wished that he had made it the inspiration of his drawing. As it is, he has made valuable portraits of places from the Delta upwards.

Of the composition of the House of Lords' Committee to inquire into the administration of the Chantry Bequest, no reformer can complain. Indeed, it says something for the often-impugned good faith of the trustees that they made no effort to place their own men upon the board of inquiry. Lord Carlisle did certainly defend the trustees in debate, and he is a personal friend of the President; but nobody could doubt his fairness, nor—which is perhaps more to the point—his taste. He is himself a charming artist; and his handiwork went to the Grosvenor Gallery in the old days, not to Burlington House. Lord Lytton and Lord Killanin bring the enthusiasm and the idealism of youth to the inquiry; and the dry experience of middle-age is well secured by the presence of Lord Windsor, Lord Crewe, Lord Newton, and Lord Ribblesdale. Not a single one of these peers represents the school of mere "bluff." If they do not agree in their findings, they will at least agree to differ upon intelligible terms.

Mr. Walter Bayes, A.R.W.S., is showing a collection of drawings in coloured chalks at the Baillie Gallery in Prince's Terrace. They show the artist as the master of an interesting



A RECORD-BREAKING MOTOR-CYCLE.

Mr. G. P. Mills, who has established a record for the motor-bicycle ride from Land's End to John o' Groats, accomplished his memorable journey on a three-horse power Raleigh motor-bicycle. His time was 50 hours 46 min. 30 sec. His machine had a two-speed gear and no pedals.

and even a romantic medium; they show him, too, to be the possessor of an eye for colour and of a hand capable and sure in drawing.

Mr. Arthur Cope is to paint two presentation portraits of Sir William Harcourt—one for the Harcourt family and another for the National Liberal Club. Mr. Cope is to be congratulated on his sitter.

For the wedding, at St. Margaret's, Westminster, of Miss Gladys Palmer, daughter of Sir Walter Palmer, Bart., to Mr. Bertram Brooke, son of the Rajah of Sarawak, the bridal cake was a triumph of the confectioner's art. It was made from the design of Lady Palmer by Messrs. Huntley and Palmer at their factory in Reading. There were two tiers, each cake being mounted on frosted silver pillars specially cast for the occasion. The total weight was about 112 lb., and the lower tier was ornamented in sugar. Certain of the panels contained the crests of bride and bridegroom, the Sarawak flag, in its own colours, and a felicitous Malay inscription. The floral decoration by Messrs. Goodyear was carried out with excellent taste.

A perusal of the time table issued by the Great Central Railway for July demonstrates that this enterprising company intends to justify the use of the title of the handbook, "Rapid Travel in Luxury." Many important accelerations have been made in the train service, affecting all parts of the country. Between London (Marylebone) and Leicester will be made the quickest run ever achieved, covering the 103 miles in 105 minutes, or at the rate of 58.8 miles an hour. To Nottingham the journey of 126 miles will be accomplished in 131 minutes. The Great Central is the first company to make a run between London and Sheffield without a stop, which will be performed in the record time of 2 hours 57 min. Between London and Manchester the journey will be completed in 3 hours 50 min. All express trains are vestibuled and have a buffet-car attached available for first and third class passengers.

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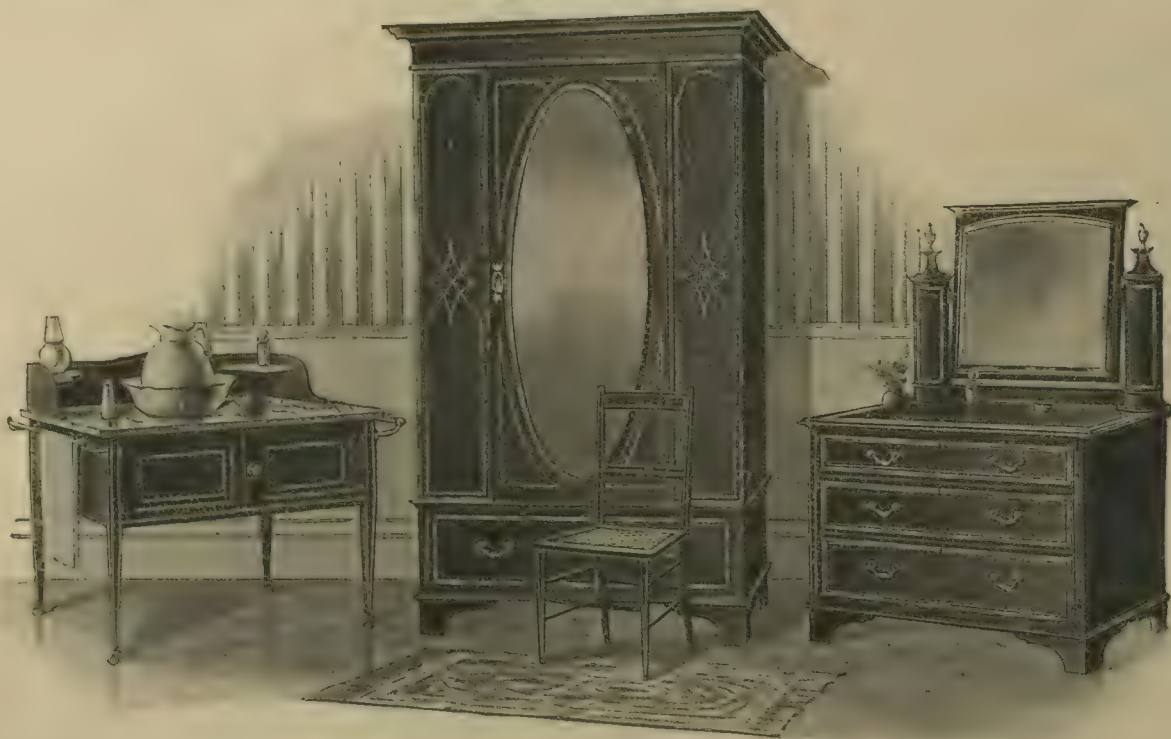
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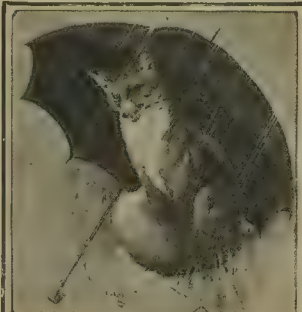
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

THE FRENCH COMPANY, AT THE AVENUE.

If any proof were needed of the remarkable versatility and adaptability of the French company of actors who have been appearing at the Avenue, it was furnished sufficiently during the last week of their season. Their final production, which was "La Layette," the work of M. Sylvane, exhibited an almost complete, and yet quite happy, re-huffing of the cast. Mlle. Regnier, always so fascinating as a naughty person, played for the nonce, and played very prettily, the part of good heroine; while Mlle. Dorziat, so often the virtuous wife, assumed a regular Regnier rôle, and filled it delightfully. So, too, M. René, usually *jeune premier*, created a most favourable impression as a quaint, pompous paterfamilias of the retired tradesman order possessing strange views as to the population question, and not even M. Tarride, in the character of the old man's son-in-law, showed a neater touch or a more amusing vein of humour. The play which allows of these transformations is an extremely droll farce in which father and son-in-law compete for a flighty lady's favours and are cut out by a suitor of the old man's daughter—not the sort of piece, obviously, to please Mrs. Grundy.

"WARP AND WOOF," AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

There were such excellent intentions, such high courage, and surely, it may be added, such fair promise, shown in the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton's problem-drama, "Warp and Woof," produced a few weeks ago at the Camden Theatre, that Mrs. Patrick Campbell has done well to give it at the Vaudeville the chance of a West-End run. However unsatisfactory may be its stagecraft, however disconnected and episodic may be its scenes, however diffuse its dialogue, the vivid picture which Mrs. Lyttelton draws of the miseries of overworked sempstresses' lives should cause our heedless fashionable ladies "furiously to think." Quite apart, too, from the seriousness of the play's purposes, it contains several faithful portraits.

"THE PRINCE OF PILSEN," AT THE SHAFTESBURY.

By reason of the restless vivacity and unceasing energy of its Transatlantic interpreters, the latest-imported American musical comedy, known as "The Prince of Pilsen," has secured undoubted popularity at the Shaftesbury Theatre, and so rollicking and slapdash an entertainment would seem to have stood in no need of modification. But, as Monday last was "Independence Day," the Shaftesbury management, in order to mark the occasion, introduced certain new "features" into the piece, and made some alterations in the cast.

Mr. J. W. Ransome, for instance, the broadly humorous comedian who plays the part of the brewer masquerading as a prince, has a new song about a water-wagon; Mr. Hobart Smock now represents the true prince; and Miss Emma Francis dances neatly in a soubrette rôle. "The Song of the Cities" still remains the chief item in the show.

BIOGRAPH PICTURES AT THE EMPIRE.

The marvels of the biograph surely almost reached their culmination last Monday at the Empire, when, though the battle between Hackenschmidt and Jenkins had only taken place at the Albert Hall the previous Saturday evening, it was found possible to give a faithful and exact representation of the great wrestling match. There it was, happening once more, as it seemed, before us—the strong grips, the attempted throws, and the final pinnings down—and throughout the exhibition, to add to the illusion, the Empire audience applauded as vociferously and eagerly as if it had been watching the actual struggle. But the biograph pictures furnish only one element of a varied and pleasing programme.

THE PROGRAMME AT THE PALACE.

The Palace also has its living pictures in the bioscope. Here are shown with all movements of reality incidents in connection with the Far Eastern War, the

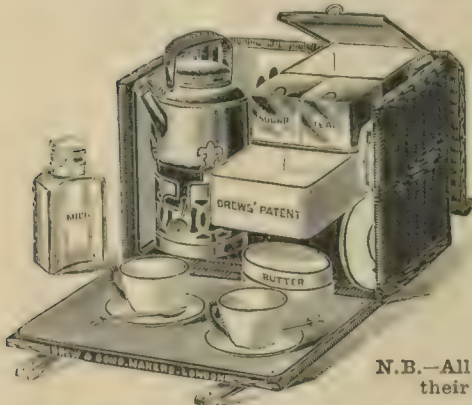


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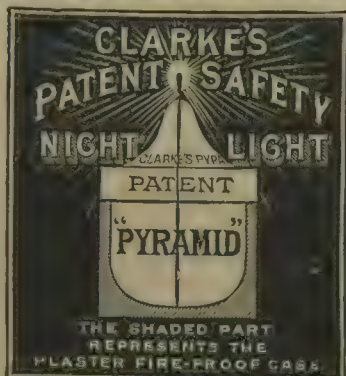
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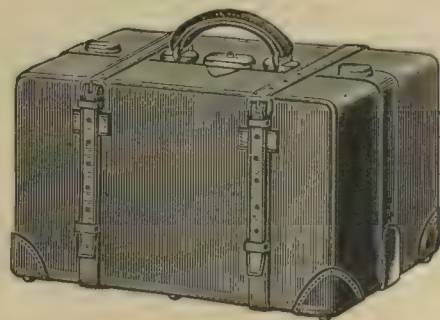
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HACKENSCHMIDT V. JENKINS, AT THE ALBERT HALL.

On Saturday evening last, at the Albert Hall, was held the long-expected wrestling match between Hackenschmidt and his American challenger, Tom Jenkins, which was to settle the question of the Græco-Roman world championship. As was generally anticipated, Hackenschmidt proved the winner, gaining the victory in two successive bouts; but he had by no means matters all his own way, more particularly in the first bout, in which it took him 20 min. 37 sec. to pin down his rival. Hackenschmidt, of course, tried his usual method of throwing his man in the first moments of fight, but Jenkins, adopting strong defensive tactics,

foiled the Russian again and again, and once nearly secured the mastery. The second bout followed the same course, but was shorter, for Hackenschmidt required only 14 min. 27 sec. to win the prize, two-thirds of a purse of £2000, of which one-third went to the loser. This apart from a stake of £250 each side. Prior to the big fight, Yukio Tani and Madrali gave exhibitions of the Japanese and catch-as-catch-can styles respectively.

For the guidance of motorists, the North British Rubber Company has published a handy pocket map, showing at a glance all the places in the United Kingdom where replacements of the Clincher and the Clincher-Michelin tyres may be had without delay.

The Polo Club of the Household Cavalry has just adopted a novel apparatus for watering the ground. This consists of a Merryweather patent "Hatfield" pump, driven by a single cylinder petrol motor, the whole being mounted on a light wrought-iron carriage on four wheels. The motor can be started free and the pump put into work by a clutch with hand lever, and the delivery is from sixty to a hundred gallons per minute. A couple of men can do all the work. The new machine was shown at the Royal Botanic Society's Exhibition, in action, last month, and was awarded the gold medal of the Society.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated April 17, 1902), with a codicil (of April 20, 1903), of MR. WILLIAM JAMES THOMPSON, of 38, Mincing Lane, and Kippington Grange, Sevenoaks, who died on April 19, was proved on June 17 by William James Thompson, Arthur Thompson, and Sydney Thompson, the sons, the value of the estate amounting to £327,679. The testator gives very many small legacies and annuities to his children and others, and leaves the residue of his property, in trust, to pay the income thereof to his wife. On her decease, he gives £12,000 to his son Sydney; £5000 to his son Arthur and his wife; £10,000 to his son Percy and his wife, and £10,000 to them for such charitable objects as they may select; and £2500 to his grandson William James. The ultimate residue he leaves as to two tenths to his son William James, one tenth each to his sons Arthur, Sydney, Henry Percy, and Edward Russell, and one tenth each to his daughters Mrs. Mary Esther Hervey, Mrs. Georgina Emily Bellairs, Mrs. Adèle Francis Rooker, and Mrs. Evelyn Maria Chamberlen. Should his estate exceed £300,000, then he gives an additional £5000 each to his daughters and the surplus among all his children.

The will (dated Dec. 5, 1902), with a codicil (dated March 27, 1903), of MR. CHARLES JOHN GALLOWAY, of Thorneyholme, Knutsford, Cheshire, was proved at the

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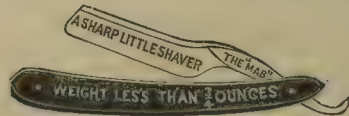
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District Registry, Chester, on June 17 by Arthur Walton Galloway and Harold Bessemer Galloway, the sons, and William Sharp Galloway, the nephew, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £235,096. The testator bequeaths £250 to his executor, Mr. W. S. Galloway; £20,000, upon trust, for his son Arthur Walton; £25,000, upon trust, for his daughter Edith Maud Lascelles; £55,000, upon trust, for his daughter Helena Mabel Higgin; an annuity of £150 to his housekeeper, Janet Jane McCullum; £100 each to his housemaid, Margaret Carradus, and his coachman, Robert Meade; £50 to his gardener, Isaac Light; and legacies to all his domestic and outdoor servants (except Meade and Light), according to length of service; there are also specific gifts of pictures, plate, etc., to his four children and to his granddaughter, Gladys Maud Lascelles. His residence Thorneyholme and the estate held therewith he gives to his son Harold Bessemer. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his four children, in equal shares. The testator declares that the provision made by his will for his children is in addition to the provision made for them in his lifetime, whether by settlement or otherwise.

The will (dated April 26, 1900) of MR. JOHN ALLEZ LE LACHEUR, of 58, Lombard Street, and the Wilderness, Tunbridge Wells, who died on May 24, was proved on June 23 by William Edwards junior, Edward Gordon

Bretherton, Mrs. Lydia Judith Le Lacheur, the widow, and William John Le Lacheur, the son, the value of the estate being £180,942. The testator gives £20,000, part of his capital in the firm of W. Lacheur and Son, to his son Edward Tom should he become a partner therein; the household furniture, etc., and during her widowhood an annuity of £500 to his wife; £300 each to his children except William John and Lydia Mary; £100 to James Wise; £100 each to seven clerks in his employ; and £400 each to William Edwards junior and Edward Gordon Bretherton. The residue of his property he leaves to his children, except his sons William John (who is already well provided for) and Edward Tom should he have become a partner in the said business.

The will (dated Sept. 2, 1891), with four codicils, of MR. RICHARD JAMES ASHTON, of 20, Sussex Square, Hyde Park, and Bishopgate House, Englefield Green, who died on April 18, was proved on June 23 by George Charles Ashton Jonson, the nephew, Miss Edith Ashton Jonson, the niece, and William Harwood, the value of the estate being £168,439. The testator gives £10,500 to his nephew George Charles Ashton Jonson; £10,000 to his nephew Percy Ashton Jonson; £7000 to his nephew Frederick Ashton Jonson; £400 each to Mary Baverstock Prince and Sarah Margaret Prince; and legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves to his niece Edith Ashton Jonson.

The will (dated Nov. 29, 1899) of SIR HENRY MORTON STANLEY, G.C.B., the famous explorer, of 2, Richmond Terrace, Whitehall, and Furze Hill, Pirbright, who died on May 10, was proved on June 29 by Charles Coombe Tennant and Robert Bright Marston, the value of the estate amounting to £145,865. The testator gives his books, copyrights, medals, household furniture, etc., to his wife; £250 each to his executors; £500 to Arthur Jermyn Mounteney Jephson, his companion in the Emin Relief Expedition; £500 to James William Jones; and £300 to William Hoffman, a sous-lieutenant in the Congo State service. During the life of Lady Stanley he gives £150 per annum, in trust, for his adopted son, Denzil Morton Stanley, and an additional £350 per annum in the event of her again marrying. The residue of his property, including his estate in Surrey, he leaves, in trust, for his wife for life, and subject thereto as to one half for his adopted son, and the other half as Lady Stanley, being his widow, shall appoint, and in default of appointment for his said adopted son.

The will (dated Aug. 24, 1901) of CHARLES HENRY ROLLE HEPBURN STUART FORBES, BARON CLINTON AND SAYE, of Heanton Satchville, Devon, and 41, Portland Place, who died on March 29, was proved on June 17 by the Hon. Mark George Kerr Rolle, the brother, Arthur Melville Hood Acland, and James Herbert Benyon, the executors, the value of the estate being £27,361.

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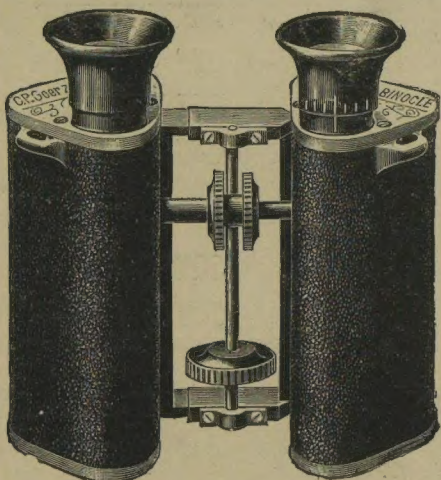


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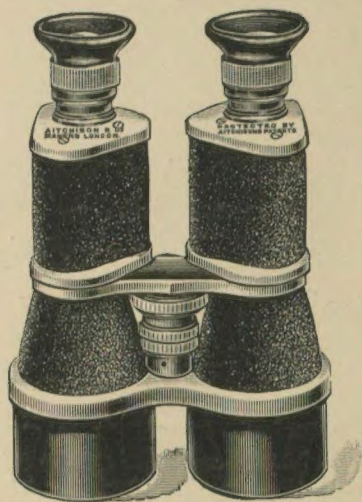
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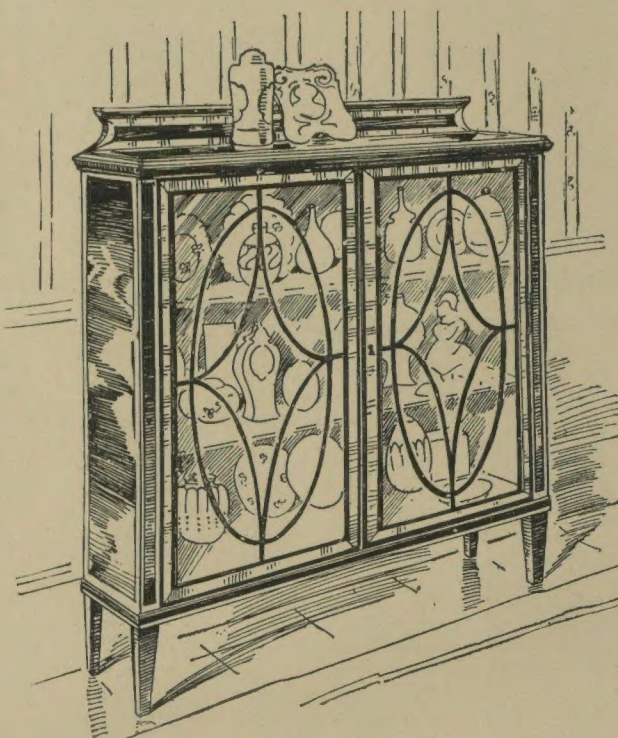
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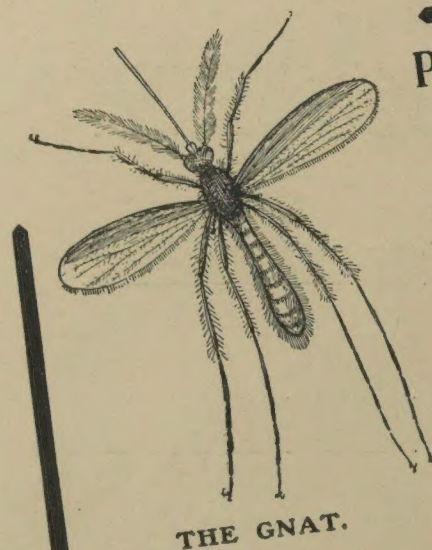
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